A THIRD

COLLECTION

OF

The Newest and Most Ingenious

Poems, Satyrs, Songs, &c.

AGAINST

Popery and Tyranny,

Relating to the TIMES.

Most of which never before Printed.

LONDON, Printed in the Year M DCLXXXIX.

The CONTENTS.

A. Marvill's *Ghost, by Mr.* Jo. Ayloffe.
On the Camp on Hounslow Heath, 1687.
The True English-man, 1686.
An Epitaph on Henry Care, 1688.
A new Letany.
On the young Statesman.
Directions to a Painter for describing our Naval Business, in imitation of Mr. Waller, *being the last Works of Sir* J. Denham; *compleat without any castration.*
On Dunkirk *House.*
A Catholick Hymn on the Birth of the P. of Wales.
Advice to the Test-holders, 1687.
The E. of Essex's *Ghost.*
Jeffrey's *Farewell.*
A Paradox on the Confinement of the Bishops, *and there Bailing out.*
A Lenten Prologue refused by the Players, 1688.
A Sale of Old Stuff Household-stuff; to the Tune of Old Simon the King.
A match between the keen Razor and dull Ax.
The Dispute by the E. of R——r.
An Epitaph on the Lord Fairfax, *by the Duke of* Buckh.
A warning to Protestant Peers, from their best Friends, the Jesuits.
A Loyal Letany.
A new Protestant Letany.

MARVILL's Ghost.

By Mr. JO. ATLOFFE.

FRom the dark Stigian Lake I come,
To acquaint poor *England* with her Doom;
Which by the Infernal Sifters late,
I copied from the Book of Fate:
And though the sence may seem disguis'd,
Tis in these following Lines compriz'd.

When *England* shall forsake the Broom,
And take the Thistle in the room;
A wanton Fidler shall be led
By Fate to shame his Masters Bed;
From whence a Race shall grow,
Design'd for *Britains* overthrow.
These, whilst they do possess her Throne,
Shall serve all Interest but their own;
And shall be both in Peace and War,
Scourges unto themselves and her.
A brace of Exiled Youths, whose Fates
Shall pull down Vengeance on those States
That harbour'd them abroad, must come
Well skill'd in Foreign Vices home,
And shall their dark designs to hide,
With two contesting Churches side;
Till with cross Persecuting zeal,
They have destroyed the Common-weal:
Then Incest, Murder, Perjury,
Shall fashionable Vertues be;
And Villanies infest this Isle,
Shall make the Son of *Claudius* smile.
No Oaths or Sacraments hold good,
But what are Seal'd with lust and Blood;
Lust, which cold Exile could not tame,
Nor Plague nor Fire at home reclaim:
For this she shall in Ashes mourn,
From *Europe*'s envy turn her scorn,
And curse the day that ere gave birth
To *Cæcil*, or to *M*—— on Earth.
But as I onwards strove to look,
The angry Sifter shut the Book,
And said, No more, that fickle State
Shall know no further of her Fate;
Her future Fortunes must be hid,
Till her known Isle be remedied;
And she to those Resentments come,
That drove the *Tarquins* out of *Rome*;
Or such as did in fury turn
The *Assyrans* Palace to his Urn.

HOUNSLOW HEATH.

Upon this place are to be seen
Many rare Sights: God save the Queen.

NEar *Hampton Court*, there lies a Common,
Unknown to neither Man, nor Woman;
The Heath of *Hounslow* it is stil'd:
Which never was with blood defil'd,
Though it has been of War the Seat,
Now three Campaigns, almost compleat.
Here you may see Great *JAMES* the Second,
(The Greatest of our Kings he's reckon'd!)
A Hero of such high Renown,
Whole Nations tremble at his Frown:
And, when he Smiles, Men die away,
In transports of excessive joy.
A Prince of admirable Learning!
Quick Wit! of judgment most discerning!
His knowledge in all Arts is such,
No Monarch ever knew so much:
Not that old bluft'ring King of *Scots*,
Whom Men call learned, to affront us,
With all his Tongues, and Dialects,
Cou'd equal him, in all Respects;

His Two and twenty Languages
Were Trifles, if compar'd to His,
Forreign, which we esteem but small;
English and *French* are worth 'em all.
What though he had some skill in Physick,
Cou'd cure the Dropsy, or the Phthisick;
Perhaps, was able to advise one
To 'scape the danger of rank Poison,
And cou'd prepare an Antidote
Shou'd carry't off, though down your Throat?
These are but poor Mechanick Arts,
Inferior to Great *JAMES* his Parts:
Shall he be set in the same Rank,
With a Pedantick Mountebank?
He's Master of such Eloquence,
Well-cholen Words, and weighty Sence;
That he ne'er parts his lovely Lips,
But out a Trope, or Figure slips:
And, when he moves his fluent Tongue,
Is sure to ravish all the Throng;
And every Mortal that can hear,
Is held fast Tris'ner by the ear.

His other Gifts we need but name,
They are so spread abroad by Fame,
His Faith, his Zeal, his Constancy,
Averson to all Bigotry!
His firm adhering to the Laws,
By which he judges every Cause,
And deals to all Impartial Justice.
In which the Subjects greatest trust is!
His constant keeping of his Word,
As well to Peasant, as to Lord;
Which he no more wou'd violate,
Than he wou'd quit his Regal State!
Who has not his least Promise broke,
Nor contradicted what he spoke!
His governing the brutal Passions,
With far more Rigor, than his Nations:
Wou'd not be sway'd by's Appetite,
Were he to gain an Empire by't!
From hence does flow that Chastity,
Temperance, Love, Sincerity,
And unaffected Piety,
That just abborence of Ambition,
Idolatry, and Superstition,
Which through his Life have shin'd so bright,
That nought cou'd dazle their clear light!
These Qualities we'll not insist on,
Because they all are Duties Christian;
But haste to Celebrate his Courage,
Which is the Prodigy of our Age:
A Spirit, which exceeds Relation;
And were too great for any Nation,
Did not those Vertues nam'd before
Confine it to its Native Shore,
Restrain it from the thirst of Blood,
And only exercise't in Good!

The tedious *Mithridatick* War,
(The noise whereof is spread so far)
Was nothing, to what's practis'd here;
Though carry'd on for forty year
'Gainst *Pompey*, *Sylla*, and *Lucullus*,
High-sounding Names, brought in to gull us:
In which, the *Romans* lost more Men
Than one Age cou'd repair again;
Who perished not by Sword or Bullet,
But melted Gold pour'd down the Gullet.
Heroes of old were only Fam'd
For having Millions kill'd, or Maim'd;
For being th' Instruments of Fate,
In making Nations Desolate;
For wading to the Chin i'th' Blood
Of those that in their Passage stood:
And thought the Point they had not gain'd
While any Foe alive remain'd.
Our Monarch, by more gentle Rules,
Has prov'd the Ancients arrant Fools:
He only studies and contrives
Not to destroy, but save Mens Lives;
Shows all the Military skill,
Without committing ought that's ill.
He'll teach his Men, in Warlike sport,
How to Defend, or Storm a Fort;
And, in Heroick Interlude,
Will act the dreadful Scene of *Bude*:
Here *Lorrain* Storms, the Visier dies,
And *Brandenburgh* routs the Supplies;
Bavaria there blows up their Train,
And all the *Turks* are Took, or Slain.
All this perform'd, with no more harm
Than loss of simple Gunner's Arm:
And, surely, 'tis a greater Good
To teach Men War, than shed their Blood.

Now pause, and view the Army Royal,
Compos'd of valiant Souls, and Loyal;
Not rais'd (as ill Men say) to hurt ye,
But to Defend, or to Convert ye:
For that's the Method now in use,
The Faith *Tridentine* to diffuse.
Time was the Word was powerful;
But now, 'tis thought Remiss, and Dull:
Has not that Energy and Force
Which is in well-arm'd Foot and Horse.
Thus, when the Faith has had mutation,
We change its way of Propagation:
So *Mahomet*, with Arms and Terrors,
Spread over half the World his Errors.

Here daily swarm Prodigious Wights,
And strange variety of Sights,

As Ladies lewd, and foppish Knights,
Priests, Poets, Pimps, and Parasites;
Which now we'll spare, and only mention
The hungry Bard that writes for Pension;
Old *Squab*, (who's sometimes here, I'm told)
That oft has with his Prince made bold,
Call'd the late King a Sant'ring Cully,
To magnify the *Gallick* Bully;
Who lately put a senceless Banter
Upon the World, with *Hind* and *Panther*,
Making the Beasts and Birds o'th' wood
Debate, what he ne'er understood,
Deep secrets in Philosophy,
And Mysteries in Theology,
All Sung in wretched Poetry;
Which rambling Piece, is as much Farce all,
As his true Mirror, the *Rehearsal*;
For which he has been soundly bang'd,
But ha'n't his just Reward, till Hang'd.

Now you have seen all that is here,
Have Patience till another Year.

The True *English-man*, 1686.

CUrs'd be the tim'rous fool, whose feeble mind
Is turn'd about with every blast of Wind;
Who to self-interest basely does give ear,
And suffers Reason to be led by Fear:
He only merits a true *English* Name,
Who always says, and does, and is the same;
Who dares be honest, though at any rate,
And stands prepar'd to meet the worst of Fate:
He laughs at Threats, and Flatt'ries does despise,
And won't be knavish, to be counted wise;
No publick storm can his clear Reason blind,
Or bad example influence his Mind.
Let *M*——— like a Cur kick'd out of doors,
For his aspiring Projects and Amours,
Unman himself to sneak, fawn, cringe, and whine,
And play the Spaniel, till they let him in;
Then, with a grinning and affected Leer,
Run his red snout in every Lady's ear.
Let a lewd Judge come reeking from a Wench,
To vent a wilder Lust upon the Bench;
Baul out the Venom of his rotten Heart,
Swell'd up with envy, over Act his Part;
Condemn the Innocent by Laws ne'er fram'd;
And study to be more than doubly Damn'd.
Let a mean scoundrel Lord (for equal fear
Of hanging, or of starving) falsely Swear;
Let him, whose Knavery and Impudence
Is known to every Man's experience,
With scraps of broken evidence, contrive
To feed, (and keep a fainting Plot alive:
Nay, though he swears by the same Deities,
Whom he has mock'd, by Mimmic Sacrifice.
Let *Rumsey*, with his ill-look'd treach'rous Face,
That swarthy off-spring of a Hellish Race,
Whose Mother, big with an intriguing Devil,
Brought an Epitome of all that's evil:
Let him be perjur'd; and as rashly damn
T'eternal Infamy his odious Name.
Let Knaves and Fools confound the tott'ring State,
And plunge the Subjects in their Monarch's hate;
Blinding, by false accounts of Men and Things,
The most Indulgent, and the best of Kings.
Let an unthinking Hare-brain'd Bigot's zeal,
(Not out of any thought of doing well,
But in a pure defiance of the Law)
In bloody Lines his true *Idea* draw;
That Men may be inform'd, and early see,
What such a Man (if once in Pow'r) wou'd be:
Of Royal Mercy, let him stop the source,
That Death may have a free, and boundless course;
Till shivering Ghosts come from their gloomy Cell,
And in dumb Forms a fatal story tell.
Let the Court swarm with Pimps, Rogues, Bawds, and (Whores,
And honest Men be all turn'd out of doors;
Let Atheism and Profaneness there abound,
And not an upright man (God save the King!) be found.
Let Men of Principles be in disgrace,
And mercenary Villains in their place;
Let free-born Cities be by Treach'ry won,
Lose their just Liberties, and be undone:
Let States-men sudden Changes undertake,
And make the Government's Foundation shake;
Till strange Tempestuous Murmurs do arise,
And show a storm that's gath'ring in the Skies.
Let all this happen. Nay, let certain Fate
Upon the issue of their Actions wait;
If you've a true, a brave, undaunted mind,
Of *English* Principles, as well as kind;
You'll on the bottom of true Honour stand,
Firm as a Rock, unshaken as the Land:
So when vast Seas of Trouble 'gainst you beat,
They'll break, and force themselves to a Retreat;
No Fate, no flattery can ere controul
A steady, resolute, Heroick Soul.

An *Epitaph* on *Harry Care*.

A True Dissenter here does lye indeed;
He ne'er with any, or himself agreed;
But, rather than want subject to his spite,
Snake-like, he'd turn, and his own Tail wou'd bite.

Sometime,

Sometime, 'tis true, he rises in the night,
But, when he can't find Business, Pleasure, or Spite,
The Craven soon betrays his Fear and Pride:
Thence, *Scottice*-like, he to Recanting fell
Of all he wrote, or sung'd to be well.
Thus purg'd from good, and thus prepar'd by evil,
He Fac'd to *Rome*, then march'd off to the Devil.

A NEW LETANY,

To the Tune of Cook Laurel invited the Devil, &c.

FRom Jesuitical Polls, who proudly expose
The Bar of their safety 'twixt them and their Foes,
To ramble by Night, and see Rarees shows,
For ever good Lord deliver me.

II.

From a pious wise K. who lets his Reign pass
In raking of Villains, and hearing no Mass,
All whose designs still prove but mine A——
For ever good Lord deliver me.

III.

Who's Rid, and Impos'd on, by many a score
Of Priests, Mucks, and Footmen, his Q. and his Wh——
Who, to make his foes Rich, will make his friends Poor,
For ever good Lord deliver me.

IV.

Who, without doing business, still o'er it does buz,
Takes always wrong Measures in all that he does;
As preposterous in State, as *H——t* in Cloathes,
For ever good Lord deliver me.

V.

Who has made his Religion a ridiculous jest,
And sold all his friends, to buy off the Test,
Yet gives it his Servants from highest to least,
For ever good Lord deliver me.

VI.

From a blinking Counsellor, as free of his word,
And as slack of Performance, as his Dutchin'd Lord,
Whose Merit in time, may meet with a Cord,
For ever good Lord deliver me.

VII.

From *Petre*, that politick positive Sage,
Who shams upon Heav'n, and comforts his Age——
In filling his Coffers, and Bugg'ring his Page,
For ever good Lord deliver me.

VIII.

From a * Turncoat, Mail-setting, King-killing Rascal,
Who, spite of those Villanies th'ro which he has pass'd all,
Is become a Kings Favourite even from a stall,
For ever good Lord deliver me.

IX.

From a Hosier, preferr'd to all our State Blocks,
From Preaching in Prose, and mending Old Socks,
And giving Quack Bills to cure the Pox,
For ever good Lord deliver me.

X.

Who had Hang'd in *Rome*'s stead with a handsomer face,
And the Joiner had carry'd the Counsellor's Place,
If to Peach first he had had but the Grace,
For ever good Lord deliver me.

XI.

From a Nation which now in so woful a case is
To be Rul'd by Church Cheats, and Jesuitical Classis,
VVho their Politicks learnt from whipping Boys A——s,
For ever good Lord deliver me.

On the Young Statesmen.

I.

C—— had Law and Sence,
C——d was Fierce and Brave,
B——'s grave look was a pretence,
And *Jeffrey's* matchless impudence
Help'd to support the Knave.

II.

But *Sun——d*, *C——r*, *Petree*,
These will appear such chits in story,
'Twill turn all Politicks to Jests,
To be repeated like *Fohn Dorie*,
VVhen Fidlers sing at Feasts.

III.

Protect us, mighty Providence,
VVhat wou'd these Madmen have?
Firft, they wou'd bribe us without Pence,
Deceive us without common Sence,
And without power enslave.

IV.

Shall freeborn Men in humble awe,
Submit to servile shame;
Who, from consent and custom, draw
The same Right to be Rul'd by Law
VVhich Kings pretend to Reign?

V.

Berwick shall wield his Conquering Sword,
The Chancellor make a Speech,
The King shall pass his honest word,
The pawn'd Revenue Sums afford;
And then, come kiss my Breech.

VI.

So have I seen a King on Chess,
(His Rooks and Knights withdrawn
His Queen and Bishops in distress)
Shifting about, grow less and less,
VVith here and there a Pawn.

Direction

DIRECTIONS TO A PAINTER.

By Sir *John Denham.* 1667.

NAY Painter, if thou darſt deſign that Fight,
Which *Waller* only courage had to write;
If thy bold hands can without ſhaking draw
What ev'n th' Actors trembled at when they ſaw,
Enough to make thy colours change like theirs,
And all thy Pencils briſtle like their Hairs.
First in fit diſtance of the proſpect main,
Paint *Allen* tilting at the Coaſt of *Spain*;
Heroick act! and never heard till now!
Stemming of *Hercules* pillars with the prow!
And how he left his Ships the Hills to waft,
And with new Sea-marks *Cales* and *Dover* graft.
Next let the flaming *London* come in view,
Like *Nero's Rome*, burnt to rebuild it new;
What leſſer Sacrifice than this, was meet
To offer for the ſafety of the Fleet?
Blow one Ship up, another thence will grow:
See what free Cities and wiſe Courts can do!
So ſome old Merchant, to inſure his Name,
Marries afreſh, and Courtiers ſhare the Dame:
So whatſoe'er is broke, the Servants pay't,
And Glaſſes are more durable than Plate.
No May'r till now, ſo rich a Pageant feign'd,
Nor one Barge all the Companies contain'd.
Then Painter, draw Cerulean *Coventry*,
Keeper, or rather Chancellour o'th' Sea;
And more exactly to expreſs his hue,
Uſe nothing but *Ultra-Mariniſh Blue.*
To pay his fees, the ſilver Trumpet ſpends,
And Boat-ſwains whiſtle, for his place depends.
Pilots in vain repeat their Compaſs o'er,
Until of him they learn that one point more.
The conſtant Magnet to the Pole doth hold,
Steel to the Magnet, *Coventry* to Gold.
Muſcovy ſells us Pitch, and Hemp, and Tar;
Iron and Copper, *Sweden*; *Munſter*, War;
Aſhly, Prize; *Warwick*, Cuſtoms; *Carteret*, Pay;
But *Coventry* doth ſell the Fleet away.

Now let our Navy ſtretch its Canvas Wings,
Swoln like his purſe, with tackling like his ſtrings,
By ſlow degrees of the increaſing gale,
Firſt under Sail, and after under ſale:
Then in kind viſit unto *Opdam's* Gout,
Hedge the *Dutch* in, onely to let them out.
So Huntſmen fair unto the Hares give Law,
Firſt find them, and then civilly withdraw.
That the blind Archer, when they take the Seas,
The *Hambrough*-Convoy may betray with eaſe.
So, that the Fiſh may more ſecurely bite,
The Angler baits the River over Night.
But Painter, now prepare t' inrich thy piece,
Pencil of Ermine, Oyl of Ambergreece,
See where the Dutcheſs with triumphant trail
Of numerous Coaches, *Harwich* does aſſail!
So the Land-Crabs, at Natures kindly call,
Down to ingender to the Sea do crawl.
See then the Admiral with Navy whole,
To *Harwich* through the Ocean carry Coal:
So Swallows buried in the Sea at Spring,
Return to Land with Summer in their VVing.
One thrifty Ferry-boat of Mother pearl,
Suffic'd, of old, the *Citherean Girl*;
Yet Navies are but Fopperies when here,
A ſmall Sea-Mask, and built to court your Dear:
Three Goddeſſes in one, *Pallas* for art,
Venus for ſport, but *Juno* in your heart.
O Dutcheſs! if thy Nuptial pomp was mean,
'Tis paid with intereſt in thy Naval Scene.
Never did *Roman Mark* within the *Nile*,
So feaſt the fair *Ægyptian Crocodile*;
Nor the *Venetian Duke* with ſuch a ſtate
The *Adriatick* marry, at that rate.
Now Painter, ſpare thy weaker art; forbear
To draw her parting paſſions, and each tear;
For Love, alas! hath but a ſhort delight:
The Sea, the Dutch, the King, all call to fight.
She therefore the Dukes perſon recommends
To *Brunker*, *Pen*, and *Coventry*, her friends;
To *Pen* much, *Brunker* more, moſt *Coventry*;
For they ſhe knew were all more fraid than he:
Of flying Fiſhes one had ſav'd the Fin,
And hop'd by this he through the air might ſpin;
The other thought he might avoid the Knell,
By the invention of the Diving Bell;
The third had try'd it, and affirm'd a Cable
Coyld round about him, was impenetrable.
But theſe the Duke rejected, only choſe
To keep far off; let others interpoſe.
Rupert, that knew no fear, but health did want,
Kept ſtate ſuſpended in a Chair volant;
All ſave his Head ſhut in that wooden caſe,
He ſhew'd but like a broken VVeather-glaſs;
But arm'd with the whole Lyon Cap-a-Chin,
Did repreſent the *Hercules* within.

Dear ſhall the *Dutch* his twinging anguiſh know,
And ſee what valour whet with pain can do.
Curſt in the mean time be that treach'rous *Jael*,
That through his princely Temples drove the Nail.
Rupert reſolv'd to fight it like a Lyon,
And *Sand---ch* hop'd to fight it like *Arion*;
He to prolong his Life in the diſpute,
And charm the *Holland Pirates*, tun'd his Lute,
Till ſome judicious *Dolphin* might approach,
And land him ſafe and ſound as any Roach.
Now Painter, reaſſume thy Pencils care,
Thou haſt but skirmiſh'd yet, now fight prepare,
And draw the Battle terrible to ſhow,
As the laſt Judgment was of *Angelo*.
Firſt let our Navy ſcour through ſilver froth,
The Oceans burthen, and the Kingdoms both;
VVhoſe very bulk may repreſent its birth,
From *H--de* and *Paſt---*, burthens of the Earth;
H---- whoſe tranſcendent panch ſo ſwells of late,
That he the Rupture ſeems of Law and State;
Paſt--- whoſe belly bears more millions,
Than *Indian Carrocks*, and contains more tuns.
Let ſhoals of Porpoiſes on every ſide
VVonder in ſwimming by our Oaks out-vy'd;
And the Seafowl all gave, t' behold a thing
So vaſt, more ſwift and ſtrong than they of wing.
But yet preſaging *George* they keep in ſight,
And follow for the Reliques of a fight.
Then let the *Dutch* with well-diſſembled fear,
Or bold deſpair, more than we wiſh, draw near:
At which our Gallants, to the *Sea* but tender,
And more to fight, their eaſie *Stomachs* render,
VVith breaſts ſo panting, that at every ſtroke
You might have felt their hearts beat through the Oak:
VVhile one concerned in the Interval
Of ſtraining choler, thus did vent his Gall.
Noah *be damn'd! and all his Race accurſt,*
Who in Sea-brine did pickle Timber firſt!
What though he planted Vines, he Pines cut down,
He taught us how to drink, and how to drown:
He firſt built Ships, and in his Wooden wall,
Saving but eight, e'er ſince endanger'd all.
And thou Dutch Necromantick Fryar, be damn'd,
And in thine own firſt Mortar-piece be ram'd!
Who firſt invented Cannon in thy Cell,
Nitre from Earth, and Brimſtone fetcht from Hell.
But damn'd and treble damn'd be Clar---dine,
Our ſeventh Edward, *with all his Houſe and Line!*
Who to divert the danger of the War
With Briſtol, *bounds us on the* Hollander:
Fool-coated Gown-man! ſells, to fight with Hance,
Dunkirk; *diſmantling* Scotland, *quarrels* France:
And hopes he now hath buiſneſs ſhap'd, and power
T' out-laſt our Lives or his, and ſcape the Tower;
And that he yet may ſee, ere he go down,
His dear Clarinda *circled in a Crown.*

By this time both the Fleets in reach diſpute,
And each the other mortally ſalute:
Draw penſive *Neptune* biting of his *Thumbs*,
To think himſelf a *Slave*, whoe'er o'ercomes.
The frighted *Nymphs* retreating to their Rocks,
Beating their blue Breaſts, tearing their green Locks
Paint *Eccho* ſlain, onely th'alternate ſound
From the repeating Cannon doth rebound.
Opdam ſails placed on his Naval Throne,
Aſſuming Courage greater than his own;
Makes to the Duke, and threatens him from far,
To nail him to his boards, like a Petar;
But in the vain attempt, took fire too ſoon,
And flies up in his ſhip to catch the Moon.
Monſieurs like Rockets mount aloft, and crack
In thouſand ſparks, then dancingly fall back.
Yet ere this happen'd, deſtiny allow'd
Him his revenge, to make his death more proud;
A fatal bullet from his ſide did range,
And batter'd *Lawſon*: Oh too dear exchange!
He led our Fleet that day too ſhort a ſpace,
But loſt his knee; ſince dy'd in Glory's Race:
Lawſon! whoſe Valour beyond Fate did go,
And ſtill fights *Opdam* in the Lake below.
The Duke himſelf, though *Pen* did not forget,
Yet was not out of dangers random ſet.
Falmouth was there, I know not what to act;
Some ſay 'twas to grow Duke too, by contract:
An untaught bullet in its wanton ſcope,
Daſhes *Him* all to pieces, and his *Hope*.
Such was his riſe, ſuch was his fall, unprais'd;
A chance-ſhot ſooner took him than *Chance* rais'd:
His ſhatter'd Head the fearleſs Duke diſdains,
And gave the laſt firſt-proof that he had brains.
Bartlet had heard it ſoon, and thought not good
To venture more of Royal *Harding's* blood:
To be immortal he was not of age,
An did e'en now the *Indian Prize* preſage;
And judg'd it ſafe and decent, coſt what coſt,
To loſe the day, *ſince his dear Brother's loſt*:
With his whole Squadron ſtraight away he bore,
And like good Boy, promiſ'd to fight no more.
The *Dutch Auranea* careleſs, at us ſail'd,
And promiſed to do what *Opdam* fail'd;
Smith to the Duke doth intercept her way,
And cleaves t' her cloſer than a *Remora*:
The Captain wonder'd, and with all diſdain'd,
So ſtrongly by a thing ſo ſmall, detain'd;
And in a raging brav'ry to him runs,
They ſtab their ſhips with one anothers Guns:
They fight ſo near, it ſeems to be on ground,
And ev'n the *Bullets* meeting, *Bullets* wound.
The noiſe, the ſmoak, the fire, the ſweat, the blood,
Is not to be expreſt, nor underſtood.
Each Captain from his Quarter-deck commands,
They wave their bright Swords glittering in their hands.

All

An Luxury of War, all Man can do
In a *Sea-fight*, did pass between them two:
But one must conquer, whosoever fight,
Smith takes the Gyant, and is made a Knight.
Marlbrough that knew, and durst do more than all,
Falls undistinguisht by an Iron-Ball:
Dear Lord! but born under a Star ingrate!
No Soul more clear, nor no more gloomy fate!
Who would set up Wars Trade that means to thrive?
Death picks the *Valiant* out, *Cowards* survive:
What *the Brave* merit, *th' Impudent* do vaunt,
And none's rewarded but the Sycophant:
Hence all his Life he against *Fortune* fenc'd,
Or not well known, or not well recompenc'd:
But envy not this praise t' his memory,
None more prepar'd was, or less fit to dye:
Rupert did others and himself excel:
Holms, *Tydiman*, *Minns*; bravely *Sanson* fell.
What others did, let none omitted, blame,
I shall record, whoe'er brings in his Name:
But unless after stories disagree,
Nine onely came to fight, the rest to see.
Now all conspire unto the *Dutchmens* loss;
The wind, the fire, we, they themselves do cross.
When a sweet sleep began the Duke to drown,
And with soft Diadems his Temples crown:
And first he orders all the rest to watch,
And *They* the Foe, whilst *He* a *Nap* doth catch:
But lo, *Brunkar* by a secret instinct,
Slept not, nor needed, he all day had winkt.
The *Duke* in bed, he then first draws his steel,
Whose vertue makes the misled Compass wheel.
So ere *He* wak'd, both Fleets were innocent:
And *Brunkar* Member is of Parliament.

And now, dear Painter, after pains, like those,
'Twere time that I and thou too do repose.
But all our Navy scap'd so sound of Limb,
That a short space serv'd to refresh and trim;
And a tame *Fleet* of theirs doth Convoy want,
Laden with both the *Indies*, and *Levant*:
Paint but this one Scene more, the World's our own,
And Halcyon *Sand---ch* doth command alone:
To *Bergen* we with confidence made haste,
And th' secret spoils by hope already taste;
Though *Clifford* in the Character appear
Of *Supra-Cargo* to our Fleet and their:
Wearing a Signet ready to clap on,
And seize all for his Master *Arl---gton*.

Ruyter whose little Suadron skim'd the Seas,
And wasted our remotest Coloneys;
With Ships all foul, return'd upon our way;
Sand---ch would not disperse, nor yet delay;
And therefore like Commander grave and wise,
To scape his sight and fight, shut both his Eyes;
And for more state and sureness, *Cutten* true,
The left Eye closeth, the right *Mountague*;
And even *Clifford* proffer'd in his zeal,
To make all safe, t' apply to both his Seal.
Ulysses so, till Syrens he had past,
Would by his Mates be pinion'd to the Mast.

Now can our Navy view the wished Port,
But there (to see the Fortune!) was a Fort:
Sand---ch would not be beaten, nor yet beat;
Fools onely fight, the Prudent use to treat.
His Cousin *Moun---gue* by Court-disaster,
Dwindled into the wooden Horse's Master,
To speak of Peace seem'd amongst all most proper,
Had *Talbot* then treated of nought but Copper:
Or what are Forts, when void of Ammunition?
With friends or foes what would we more condition?
Yet we three days, till the Dutch furnish'd all,
Men, Powder, Money, Cannon,---treat with Wall!
Then *Tydiman*, finding the *Danes* would not,
Sent in six Captains bravely to be shot.
And *Moun---gue*, though dreft like any Bride,
And aboard him too, yet was reach'd and dy'd:
Sad was the chance, and yet a deeper care
Wrinkled his Membrains under Forehead fair.
The *Dutch Armado* yet had th' impudence
To put to Sea, to waft their Merchants thence;
For as if all their *Ships* of Wallnut were,
The more we beat them, still the more they bear:
But a good Pilot, and a favouring Wind,
Brings *Sand---ch* back, and once again did blind.

Now gentle Painter, ere we leap on shore,
With thy last strokes ruffle a Tempest o'er;
As if in our reproach, the Wind and Seas
Would undertake the *Dutch*, while we take ease;
The *Seas* the spoils within our Hatches throw,
The VVinds both Fleets into our Mouths do blow:
Strew all their Ships along the Shore by ours,
As eas'ly to be gather'd up as Flow'rs:
But *Sand---ch* fears for Merchants to mistake
A Man of VVar, and among Flowers a Snake.
Two Indian ships pregnant with Eastern Pearl,
And Diamonds, safe th' Officers and Earl:
Then warning of our Fleet, he it divides
Into the Ports, and so to *Oxford* rides.
Meanwhile the *Dutch* uniting, to our shames,
Ride all insulting o'er the *Downs* and *Thames!*

Now treating *Sand---ch* seems the fittest choice
For *Spain*, there to condole, and to rejoyce:
He meets the *French*; but to avoid all harms
Ships to the *Groyn*: *Embassies bear no Arms:*
There let him languish a long Quarantain,
And ne'er to *England* come, till he be clean.

Thus having fought, we know not why as yet,
VVe've done we know not what, nor what we get:
If to espouse the Ocean all this pains;
Princes unite, and do forbid the Bains:
If to discharge Phanaticks, this makes more;
For all Phanaticks are, when they are poor:

Or if the Houſe of Commons to repay,
Their Prize-Commiſſions are transferr'd away:
But for triumphant Check-ſtones if, and ſhell
For Dutcheſs Cloſet, 't hath ſucceeded well.
If to make Parliaments as odious paſs,
Or to reſerve a ſtanding force, alas!
Or if, as juſt, *ORANGE* to re-inſtate,
Inſtead of that, he is regenerate:
And with four Millions vainly giv'n as ſpent,
And with five Millions more of detriment,
Our ſum amounts yet onely to have won
A baſtard *Orange* for Pimp *Ar--gton*.
Now may Hiſtorions argue *con* and *pro*:
Denham ſays thus; though always *Waller* ſo:
And he good Man, in his long ſheet and ſtaff,
This pennance did for *Cromwels* Epitaph:
And his next Theam muſt be o'th Dukes Miſtreſs,
Advice to draw Madam *l'Edificatreſs*.
Henceforth, O *Gemini!* two Dukes Command,
Caſtor and *Pollux*, *Aumarle* and *Cumberland*.
Since in one ſhip, it had been fit they'd went
In *Petty's* Double-Kneel'd *Experiment*.

To the KING.

By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

IMperial Prince! King of the Seas and Iſles!
Dear Object of our Joy, and Heaven's ſmiles!
What boots it that thy Light doth gild our days,
And we lie basking in thy milder Rays;
While ſwarms of Inſects, from thy warmth begun?
Our Land devour, and intercept our Sun?
Thou, like Joves Minos, *rul'ſt a greater* Creet;
And for its hundred Cities, Count'ſt thy Fleet.
Why wilt thou that ſtate-Dædalus allow,
Who builds the Butt, a Labrinth and a Cow?
If thou art Minos, *be a Judge ſevere,*
And in's own Maze confine the Engineer.
O may our Sun, ſince he too nigh preſumes,
Melt the ſoft Wax wherewith he imps his plumes!
And may he falling leave his hated Name
Unto theſe Seas his War hath ſet on flame!
From that Inchanter having clear'd thine Eyes,
Thy native ſight will pierce within the Skies,
And view thoſe Kingdoms calm with Joy and Light,
Where's Univerſal Triumph, but no Fight.
Since both from Heav'n thy Race and Pow'r deſcend,
Rule by its pattern there to reaſcend.
Let Juſtice onely awe, and Battel ceaſe:
Kings are but Cards in War, they're Gods in Peace.

DIRECTIONS TO A PAINTER.

By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

SAnd---ch in *Spain* now, and the *Duke* in love.
Let's with new Gen'rals a New Painter prove:
Lylly's a *Dutchman*, danger's in his *Art*,
His Pencils may Intelligence impart.
Thou *Gibſon*, that amongſt the Navy ſmall
Of Muſcle-ſhells commandeſt *Admiral*,
Thy ſelf ſo ſlender, that thou ſhew'ſt no more
Than Barnacle new hatch'd of them before:
Come mix thy VVater-colours, and expreſs,
Drawing in little, what we yet do leſs.
Firſt paint me *George* and *Rupert* ratling far
Both in one Box, like the two *Dice* of VVar;
And let the terror of their linked Name,
Fly through the *Air*, like Chain-ſhot, tearing Fame:
Jove in one Cloud did ſcarcely ever wrap
Lightning ſo fierce, but never ſuch a clap.
United Gen'rals ſure are th' onely ſpell
VVherewith United Provinces to quell:
Alas, even they, though ſhell'd in treble Oak,
VVill prove an *Addle Egge*, with double Yolk.
And therefore next uncouple either Hound,
And loo them at two Hares ere one be found:
Rupert to *Be---fort*; halloo! ah there *Rupert*
Like the phantaſtick hunting of St. *Hubert*,
When he with airy Hounds, and Horn of *Air*,
Purſues by *Fountain-bleau* the witchy Hare.
Deep providence of State! that could ſo ſoon
Fight *Be---fort* here, ere he had quit *Taloon*.
So have I ſeen, ere Humane Quarrels riſe,
Fore-boding Meteors combate in the Skies.
But let the Prince to fight with Rumour go,
The Gen'ral meets a more ſubſtantial Foe:
Ruyter he ſpies, and full of youthful heat,
Though half their number, thinks the odds too great.
The Fowler watching ſo his watry ſpot,
And more the Fowl, hopes for the better ſhot.
Though ſuch a Limb was from his Navy torn,
He found no weakneſs yet, like *Sampſon* ſhorn;

But swoln with sense of former Glory won,
Thought *Monk* must be by *Al—marle* out-done:
Little he knew with the same Arm and Sword,
How far the Gentleman out-cuts the Lord.
Ruyter, inferiour unto none for Heart,
Superiour now in Number and in Art;
Ask'd if He thought, as once our Rebel-Nation,
To conquer *Theirs* too, with a Declaration?
And threatens, though he now so proudly sail,
He shall tread back his *Iter Boreale*:
This said, he the short period, ere it ends,
With Iron-words from Brazen-mouths extends:
Monk yet prevents him, ere the Navies meet,
And charges in himself alone a Fleet;
And with so quick and frequent motion wound
His murthering sides about, the Ship seem'd round;
And the Exchanges of his Circling Tire,
Like whirling Hoops, shew'd of triumphant Fire.
Single He doth at their whole Navy aim,
And shoots them through a Porcupine of Flame.
In noise so regular his Cannons met,
You'd think that Thunder was to Musick set:
Ah had the rest but kept a time as true,
What Age could such a Martial Consort shew!
The listning Air unto the distant shore,
Through secret Pipes conveys the tuned rore;
Till as the Eccho's, vanishing, abate,
Men feel a dead sound like the pulse of State.
If Fate expire, let *Monk* her place supply,
His Guns determine who shall live or dye.
But *Victory* doth always hate a Rant;
Valour's her *Brave*, but *Skill* is her *Gallant*:
Ruyter no less with vertuous Envy burns,
And Prodigies for Miracles returns:
Yet he observ'd how still his Iron Balls
Recoyl'd in vain against our Oaken Walls;
How the hard Pellets fell away as dead,
By our inchanted Timber fillipped.
Leave then, said he, th'invulnerable Keel,
We'll find they're feeble, like *Achilles* Heel:
He quickly taught, pours in continual Clouds
Of chain'd Dilemma's through our sinew'd Shrouds.
Forrests of Masts fall with their rude embrace,
Our stiff Sails masht, and netted into Lace;
Till our whole Navy lay their wanton Mark,
Nor any Ship could sail but as the Ark.
Shot in the Wing, so at the Powder's call,
The disappointed Bird doth flutt'ring fall.
Yet *Monk* disabled, still such courage shows,
That none into his mortal gripe dare close:
So an old Bustard, maim'd yet loth to yield,
Duels the Fowler in *New-Market* field.
But since he found it was in vain to fight,
He imps his Plumes the best he can for flight,
This, Painter, were a noble Task to tell,
What indignation his Great Breast did swell!

Not vertuous Men unworthily abus'd,
Not constant Lover without cause refus'd,
Not honest Merchant broke, nor skilful Player
Hist off the Stage, nor Sinners in despair;
Not Parents mockt, not Favourites disgrac'd,
Not Rump by Monk *or* Oliver *displac'd,*
Not Kings depos'd, nor Prelates ere they die,
Feel half the Rage of Gen'rals when they fly.

Ah rather than transmit th'story to Fame,
Draw Curtains, Gentle Artist, o'er the shame:
Cashier the mem'ry of *Dutell*, rais'd up
To taste, instead of Death, his Highness Cup:
And if the thing were true, yet paint it not,
How *Bartlet*, as he long deserv'd, was shot;
Though others, that survey'd the Corps so clear,
Said he was onely petrify'd for fear:
If so, th'hard Statue Mummy'd without Gum,
Might the Dutch Balm have spar'd, & English Tomb.
Yet if thou wilt, paint *MINNS* turn'd all to Soul,
And the Great *HARMAN* charkt almost to Coal;
And *JORDAIN* old, worthy thy Pencil's pain,
Who all the while held up the Ducal Train:
But in a dark Cloud cover *Askew*, when
He quit the *Prince* to embarque in *Loeustein*;
And wounded Ships, which we immortal boast,
Now first led Captive to an hostile Coast.
But most with story of his Hand and Thumb,
Conceal (as Honour would) his Grace's Bum,
When the rude Bullet a large Collop tore
Out of that Buttock never turn'd before:
Fortune (it seems) would give him by that Lash,
Gentle correction for his fight so rash.
But should the Rump perceive't, they'd say that *Mars*
Had now reveng'd them upon *Hamarle*'s Arse.
The long disaster better o'er to vail,
Paint onely *Jonas* three days in the Whale;
For no less time did conqu'ring *Ruyter* chaw
Our flying Gen'ral in his spungy Jaw.
Then draw the youth *Perseus* all in haste,
From a Sea-Beast to free the Virgin chaste;
But neither riding *Pegasus* for speed,
Nor with the *Gorgon* shielded at his need:
So *Rupert* the Sea-Dragon did invade,
But to save *George* himself, and not the Maid;
And though arriving late, he quickly mist
Ev'n Sails to fly, unable to resist.
Not *Greenland* Seamen that survive the fright
Of the cold Chaos, and half eternal Night,
So gladly the returning Sun adore,
Or run to spy the next years Fleet from shore,
Hoping yet once within the Oyly side
Of the fat Whale, again their Spears to hide:
As our glad Fleet, with universal shout,
Salute the Prince, and wish the second bout.

No

Nor Winds, long Pris'ners in Eurus hollow vault,
The fallow Seas so eagerly assault;
As fiery *Rupert*, with revengeful joy,
Doth on the *Dutch* his hungry Courage cloy;
But soon unrigg'd, lay like an useless Board;
(As wounded in the Wrist, Men drop their Sword.)
When a propitious Cloud between us stept,
And in our aid did *Ruyter* intercept.
Old *Homer* yet did never introduce,
To save his *Heroes*, Mists of better use.
Worship the Sun, who dwell where he doth rise;
This Mist doth more deserve our Sacrifice.
Now joyful Fires, and the exalted Bell,
And Court-Gazetts, our empty Triumphs tell!
Alas! the time draws near, when overturn'd,
The lying Bells shall through the Tongues be burn'd;
Paper shall want to print that Lye of State,
And our *false Fires*, *true Fires* shall expiate.
Stay Painter, here awhile, and I will stay;
Nor vex the future Times with my survey:
Seest not the *Monky Dutchess* all undrest?
Paint thou but her, and she will paint the rest.
This sad Tale found her in her outward Room,
Nailing up Hangings not of Persian Loom:
Like chaste *Penelope* that ne'er did rome,
But made all fine against her *GEORGE* came home.
Upon a Ladder, in her Coats much shorter,
She stood, with Groom and Coachman for Supporter;
Until careless what they saw, or what they thought,
With *Honi Pense* full honestly she wrought:
One Tenter drove, to lose no time nor place,
At once the Ladder they remove, and Grace.
Whilst thus they her translate from North to East,
In posture just of a four-footed Beast;
She heard the News: but alter'd yet no more,
Than that which was behind, she turn'd before;
Nor would come down, but with an Handkercher,
Which pocket foul did to her Neck prefer,
She shed no tears, for she was too viraginous,
But onely snuffling her Trunk Cartilaginous,
From scaling Ladder she began a story,
Worthy to be had in *Memento Mori*;
Arraigning past, and present, and *futuri*,
With a Prophetick, if not Friendly *Fury*:
Her Hair began to creep, her Belly sound,
Her Eyes too sparkle, and her Udder bound;
Half *Witch*, half *Prophet*; thus the *Alb—arle*,
Like *Presbyterian* Sybil, 'gan to snarl:
Traytors both to my Lord, and to the King!
Nay now it is beyond all suffering!
One valiant Man by Land, and he must be
Commanded out to stop their leaks at Sea:
Yet send him *Rupert*, as an Helper meet;
First the Command dividing, then the Fleet:
One may if they be beat, or both be hit,
Or if they overcome, yet Honours split:
But reck'ning *GEORGE* already knock'd i'th' head,
They cut him out like Beef, ere he be dead:
Each for a Quarter hopes; the first doth skip,
But shall *fall short* though, at the Gen'ral-ship:
Next they for *Master of the Horse* agree;
A third the *Cock-pit* begs; not any Me:
But they shall know, ay marry shall they do,
That who the *Cock-pit* hath, shall have Me too.
I told *George* first, as *Calamy* told me,
If the King brought these o'er, how it would be:
Men that there pick his pocket to his face,
And sell Intelligence to buy a place.
That their Religion's pawn'd for Cloaths; nor care,
'Tis run so long now, to redeem't, nor dare.
O what egregious Loyalty to cheat!
O what Fidelity it was to eat!
Whilst *Langdales*, *Hoptons*. *Glenhams* starv'd abroad
And here true Roy'lists sink beneath their load.
Men that did there affront, defame, betray
The King, and so do here; now who but they!
What! say I Men! nay rather Monsters; Men
Onely in Bed, nor to my knowledge then.
See how they home return'd in Revel Rout,
With the small manners that they first went out:
Not better grown, nor wiser all the while,
Renew the causes of their first Exile:
As if, to shew the Fool what 'tis I mean,
I chose a foul Smock, when I might have clean.
First they for fear disband the Army tame,
And leave Good *George* a Gen'ral's empty Name:
Then Bishops must revive, and all unfix
With Discontents, to content Twenty Six:
The Lords House drains the Houses of the Lord,
For Bishops Voices silencing the Word:
O *Barthol'mew!* Saint of their Kalendar!
What's worse, th' *Ejection*, or the *Massacre?*
Then *Culpepper*, *Gloster*, and the *Princess* dy'd;
Nothing can live that interrupts an *H—de.*
O more than humane *GLOSTER!* Fate did shew
Thee but to Earth, and back again withdrew.
Then the fat Scrivener doth begin to think
'Twas time to mix the Royal Bloud with Ink.
Barkley that swore as oft as he had Toes,
Doth kneeling now her Chastity depose;
Just as the first *French Card'nal* could restore
Maidenhead to his Widdow, Niece, and Whore.
For Portion, if she should prove light, when weigh'd,
Four *Millions* shall within three years be paid;
To raise it, we must have a *Naval War*,
As if 'were nothing but *Tara—Tan—Tar*:
Abroad all Princes disobliging first,
At home all Parties but the very worst.
To tell of *Ireland*, *Scotland*, *Dunkirk*, 's sad;
Or the King's Marr'age: but he thinks I'm mad:
And sweeter Creature never saw the Sun,
If we the *King* wish *Monk*, or *Queen* a *Nun*.

But

But a *Dutch* War *shall all these Rumours still*,
Bleed out these Humours, *and our Purses* fill;
Yet after four days *Fight*, they clearly saw
'Twas too much danger for a Son-in-Law:
Hire him to leave, for *six score thousand pound*:
So with the King's Drums Men for sleep compound.
But modest *Sand---ch* thought it might agree
With the State-Prudence, to do less than He:
And to excuse their timerousness and sloth,
They found how *George* might now *be less than both.*
First *Smith* must for *Legorn*, with force enough
To venture back again, but not go through:
Beaufort is there, and to their dazling Eyes
The distance more the Object magnifies;
Yet this they gain, that *Smith* this time should lose,
And for my Duke too, cannon interpose.
But fearing that our *Navy*, *George* to break,
Might yet not be sufficiently weak;
The Secretary, that had never yet
Intelligence, but from his own Gazzet,
Discovers a great secret, *fit to sell*,
And pays himself for't, ere *he would it tell*;
Beaufort is in the Channel; Hixy here!
Doxy *Thoulon! Beaufort* is ev'ry where.
Herewith assembling the supreme Divan,
Where enters none but Devil, *N E D*, and *N A N*;
And upon this pretence they straight design'd
The *Fleet* to sep'rate, and the *World* to blind:
Monk to the *Dutch*, and *Rupert* (here the *Wench*
Could not but smile) is destin'd to the *French*.
To write the Order, *Bristol*'s Clerk is chose;
One slit in's Pen, the other in his Nose;
For he first brought the News, it is his place;
He'll see the *Fleet* divided like his Face,
And through the cranny in his grisly part,
To the *Dutch* Chink *Intelligence* impart.
The Plot succeeds: the *Dutch* in haste prepar'd,
And poor Peel-Garlick *George*'s Arse they shar'd;
And then presuming of his certain wrack,
To help him late, they send for *Rupert* back.
Officious *Will* seem'd fittest, as afraid
Lest *George* should look too far into his trade.
At the first draught they pause with Statesmens care,
They write it foul, then copy it as fair;
And then compare them, when at last it's sign'd,
Will soon his Purse-strings, but no Seal could find.
At night he sends it by the common Post,
To save the King of an Expres the cost.
Lord, what adoe to pack one Letter hence!
Some Patents pass with less circumference.
Well *George*, in spite of them thou safe dost ride,
Lessen'd I hope in nought but thy backside;
For as to Reputation, this Retreat
Of thine exceeds their Victories so great:
Nor shalt thou stir from thence, by my consent,
Till thou hast made the *Dutch* and *Them* repent.
'Tis true, I want so long the Nuptial Gift,
But as I oft have done, I'll make a Shift;
Nor will I with vain pomp accost the Shore,
To try thy Valour at *the Buoy i'th' Nore.*
Fall to thy work there, *George*, as I do here;
Cherish the Valiant up, Cowards cashier:
See that the Men have Pay, and Beef, and Beer,
Find out the Cheats of the four *Millioneer.*
Out of the very *Beer*, they *sell* the *Malt*;
Powder of Powder, from powder'd Beef the *Salt.*
Put thy hand to the Tub, instead of *Oxe*,
They Victual with *French Pork* that hath the Pox.
Never such Cotqueans by small Arts to wring,
Ne'er such ill Huswives in the managing!
Purfers at Sea know fewer Cheats than they,
Marr'ners on Shore less madly spend their Pay.
See that thou hast new Sails thy self, and spoil
All their Sea-market, and their *Cable-coyl.*
Look that Good *Chaplains* on each Ship do wait,
Nor the Sea-Diocess be impropriate:
Look to the sick and wounded Pris'ners; all
Is prize; they rob even the *Hospital.*
Recover back the Prizes too; in vain
We fight, if all be *taken* that is *ta'en.*
Now by our Coast the *Dutchmen*, *like a Flight*
Of feeding Ducks, ev'ning and morning light;
How our *Land-Hectors* tremble, void of sense,
As if they came straight to transport them hence:
Some Sheep are stol'n; the Kingdom's all arraid,
And ev'n *Presbyters* now call'd out for aid.
They wish ev'n *George* divided to command,
One half of Him at Sea, th' other on Land.
What's that I see! Ah 'tis my *George* agen!
It seems they in few'n weeks have Rigg'd him then.
The curious Heav'ns with Lightning him surrounds,
To view him, and his Name in *Thunder* sounds.
But with the same swift goes, Their Navy's near:
So ere we hunt, the Keeper shoots the Deer.
Stay Heav'n a while, and thou shalt see him fail,
And *George* too, he can thunder, lighten, hail.
Happy the time that I e'er wedded *George*,
The Sword of *England*, and the *Holland* Scourge.
Avaunt *Rotterdam*-Dog, *Ruyter* avaunt,
Thou Water-Rat, thou Shark, thou Cormorant.
I'll teach thee to shoot Scissers: I'll repair
Each Rope thou losest, *George*, out of this Hair.
'Tis strong and course enough; I'll hem this shift,
Ere thou shalt lack a Sail, and lie a drift:
Bring home the old ones; *I again will sew*,
And darn them up, to be as good as new.
What, twice disabled! Never such a thing!
Now *Sovereign* help him that brought in the *King.*
Guard thy Posteriors, *George*, ere all be gone;
Though Jury-Masts, thou'st Jury-Buttocks none.
Courage! How bravely (whet with this disgrace)
He turns, and Bullets spits in *Ruyter*'s face!
They fly, they fly, their Fleet doth now divide,
But they discard their *Trump*: our *Trump* is *Hide.*
Where are you now, *De Ruyter*, with your Bears?
See where your Merchants burn about your Ears.

Fire

Fire out the Waſps, *George*, from the hollow Trees,
Cramm'd with the Honey of our Engliſh Bees.
Ah now they're paid for *Guinney*: ere they ſteer
To the Gold Coaſt, they find it hotter here.
Turn all your Ships to Stoves ere you ſet forth,
To warm your Traffique in the frozen North.
Ah *Sandwich!* had thy Conduct been the ſame,
Bergen had ſeen a leſs but richer Flame;
Nor *Ruyter* liv'd new Battel to repeat,
And oftner beaten be, than we can beat.
Scarce had *George* leiſure, after all his pain,
To tie his Breeches; *Ruyter*'s out again:
Thrice in one year! Why ſure this Man is wood:
Beat him like Stock-fiſh, or he'll ne'er be good.
I ſee them both again prepare to try;
They firſt ſhoot through each other with the Eye.
Then——But the Ruling Providence that muſt
With humane Projects play, as Wind with Duſt,
Raiſes a ſtorm. So Conſtables a fray
Knock down; and ſend them both well cuff'd away.
Plant now *New England* Firs in Engliſh Oak,
Build your Ships Ribs proof to the Cannon-ſtroak:
To get a Fleet to Sea, exhauſt the Land;
Let longing Princes pine for the Command:
Strong March-panes! Wafers light! ſo thin a puff
Of angry Air can ruin all that Huff:
So Champions having ſhar'd the Lifts and Sun,
The Judge throws down's Award, and they have (done.
For ſhame come home, *George*; 'tis for *thee* too *much*
To fight at once *with Heaven and the Dutch*

Woe's me! what ſee I next! alas, the fate
I ſee of *England*, and its utmoſt date.
Thoſe Flames of *theirs* at *which* we fondly ſmile,
Kindle like *Torches* our *Sepulchral Pile.*
War, Fire, and Plague againſt us all conſpire;
We *the War*, God *the Plague*, who rais'd *the Fire*?
See *how* Men all like *Ghoſts*, while *London* burns,
Wander, and *each* over *his* Aſhes mourns!
Curs'd be *the Man that firſt begot this War*,
In an ill *hour*, under a Blazing Star.

For *Others* ſport two Nations fight a Prize;
Between them both, Religion wounded dies.
So of firſt Troy, *the angry Gods unpaid,*
Raz'd the Foundations which themſelves had laid.

Welcome, though late, dear *George*: here hadſt thou bin,
We'd ſcap'd: (let *Rupert* bring the Navy in.)
Thou ſtill muſt help them out, when in the mire;
Gen'ral at Land, at Plague, at Sea, at Fire.
Now thou art gone, ſee *Beaufort* dares approach,
And our Fleets Angling, as to catch a Roach.
Gibſon farewell, till next we put to Sea:
Truth is, thou'ſt drawn her in Effigie.

To the KING.

By Sir John Denham.

GReat Prince! and ſo much Greater as more Wiſe;
Sweet as our Life, and dearer than our Eyes:
What Servants will conceal, and Councels ſpare
To tell, the Painter and the Poet dare.
And the aſſiſtance of an heav'nly Muſe
And Penceil, repreſent the Crimes abſtruſe.
Here needs no Fleet, no Sword, no forreign Foe;
Only let Vice be damn'd, and Juſtice flow.
Shake but, like Jove, *thy Locks divine, and frown,*
Thy Scepter will ſuffice to guard thy Crown.
Hark to Caſſandra's *Song, ere Fate deſtroy*
By thine lowd Navy's wooden Horſe, thy Troy.
As our Apollo, *from the Tumults wave,*
And Gentle Calms, though but in Oars, will ſave.
So Philomel *her ſad Embroidery ſtrung,*
And vocal Silks tun'd with her Needles Tongue.
The Pictures dumb in Colours loud reveal'd
The Tragedies at Court ſo long conceal'd;
But when reſtor'd to voice incles'd with wings
To Woods and Groves what once the Painter ſings.

DIREC

DIRECTIONS TO A PAINTER.

By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

DRaw *England* ruin'd by what was giv'n before,
Then draw the Commons slow in giving more:
Too late grown wiser, they their treasure see
Consum'd by fraud, or lost by treachery;
And vainly now would some account receive
Of those vast Sums which they so idly gave,
And trusted to the management of such
As *Dunkirk* sold, to make War with the *Dutch*;
Dunkirk, design'd once to a Nobler Use,
Than to erect a petty Lawyers House.
But what account could they from those expect,
Who to grow rich themselves, the State neglect;
Men who in *England* have no other Lot,
Than what they by betraying it have got;
Who can pretend to nothing but Disgrace,
Where either Birth or Merit find a place.
Plague, Fire and War, have been the Nations curse,
But to have these our Rulers, is a worse:
Yet draw these Causers of the Kingdoms Woe,
Still urging dangers from our growing Foe,
Asking new Aid for War with the same face,
As if, when giv'n, they meant not to make Peace.
Mean while they cheat the Publick with such haste,
They will have nothing that may ease it, past.
The Law 'gainst *Irish* Cattel they condemn,
As shewing distrust o'th' King, that is, of them.
Yet they must now swallow this bitter Pill,
Or Money want, which were the greater ill.
And then the King to *Westminster* is brought,
Imperfectly to speak the Chanc'lors thought;
In which, as if no Age could parallel
A Prince and Council that had rul'd so well,
He tells the Parliament He cannot brook
What ere in them like Jealousie doth look:
Adds, That no Grievances the Nation load,
While we're undone at home, despis'd abroad.
Thus past the *Irish*, with the Money-Bill,
The first not half so good, as th' other ill.
With these new Millions might we not expect
Our Foes to vanquish, or our selves protect;
If not to beat them off usurped Seas,
At least to force an honourable Peace?
But though the angry fate, or folly rather,
Of our perverted State, allow us neither;
Could we hope less than to defend our Shores,
Than guard our Harbours, Forts, our Ships and Stores.
We hop'd in vain: Of these, remaining are,
Not what we sav'd, but what the *Dutch* did spare.
Such was our Rulers generous stratagem;
A policy worthy of none but them.
After two Millions more laid on the Nation,
The Parliament grows ripe for Prorogation:
They rise, and now a Treaty is contest,
'Gainst which before these State-Cheats did protest:
A Treaty which too well makes it appear,
Theirs, not the Kingdom's Interest, is their care.
Statesmen of old, *thought Arms the way to* Peace;
Ours scorn such thread-bare Policies as these:
All that was given for the *State*'s defence,
They think too little for their own expence:
Or if from that they any thing can spare,
It is to buy Peace, not maintain a War:
For which great work Embassiadors must go
With bare submissions to our arming foe:
Thus leaving a defenceless *State* behind,
Vast Fleets preparing by the *Belgians* find;
Against whose fury what can us defend,
Whilst our great Politicians here depend
Upon the *Dutch* good Nature: *For when Peace*
(Say they) *is making, Acts of War must cease.*
Thus were we by the name of *Truce* betray'd,
Though by the *Dutch* nothing like it was made.
Here, Painter, let thine Art describe a Story
Shaming our warlike Islands ancient Glory:
A Scene which never on our Seas appear'd,
Since our first ships were on the Ocean steerd;
Make the *Dutch* Fleet, while we supinely sleep,
Without Opposers, Masters of the Deep:
Make them securely the *Thames* mouth invade,
At once depriving us of that and Trade:
Draw Thunder from their floating Castles, sent
Against our Forts, weak as our Government:
Draw *Woollage*, *Deptford*, *London*, and the *Tower*,
Meanly abandon'd to a foreign Power.
Yet turn their first attempt another way,
And let their Cannons upon *Sheerness* play,
Which soon destroy'd, their lofty Vessels ride
Big with the hope of the approaching Tide:
Make them more help from our Remisness find,
Than from the Tide, or from the Eastern wind.
Their Canvas swelling with a prosp'rous gale,
Swift as our fears make them to *Chattam* sail: (way,
Through our weak Chain their Fireships break their
And our Great Ships (unmann'd) become their prey:
Then draw the fruit of our ill-manag'd cost,
At once our Honour and our Safety lost:

Bury those Bulwarks of our life in smoak,
While their thick flames the neighb'ring Country (choak,
The *Charles* escapes the raging Element,
To be with triumph into *Holland* sent;
Where the glad People to the shore resort,
To see their Terror now become their Sport.
But Painter, fill not up thy Piece before
Thou paint'st Confusion on our troubled shore:
Instruct then thy bold Pencil to relate
The saddest Marks of an ill govern'd State.
Draw th' injur'd Seamen deaf to all command,
While some with horror and amazement stand:
Others will know no Enemy but they
Who have unjustly robb'd them of their pay:
Boldly refusing to oppose a fire,
To kindle which our Errors did conspire:
Some (though but few) perswaded to obey,
Useless for want of Ammunition stay:
The Forts design'd to guard our Ships of War,
Void both of Powder and of Bullets are:
And what past Reigns in peace did ne're omit,
The present (whilst invaded) doth forget.
Surpassing *Chattam*, make *Whitehall* appear,
If not in danger, yet at least in fear.
Make our dejection (if thou canst) seem more
Than our pride, sloth, and ign'rance did before:
The King, of danger now shews far more fear,
Than he did ever to prevent it, care:
Yet to the City doth himself convey,
Bravely to shew he was not run away:
Whilst the *Black Prince*, and our *Fifth Harry*'s Wars,
Are only acted on our Theatres:
Our States-Men finding no expedient,
(If fear of danger) but a Parliament,
Twice would avoid, by clapping up a Peace;
The Cure's to them as bad as the Disease:
But Painter, end not, till it does appear
Which most, the *Dutch* or Parliament they fear.

As *Nero* once, with Harp in Hand, survey'd
His flaming *Rome*; and as that burnt, he plaid:
So our Great Prince, when the *Dutch Fleet* arriv'd,
Saw his ships burnt; and as they burnt, he ——

DIREC-

DIRECTIONS TO A PAINTER.

By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

PAinter, Where wast thy former Work did cease?
Oh 'twas at *Parliament*, and the brave *Peace!*
Now for a *Cornucopia*: Peace all know
Brings *Plenty* with it; wish it be not *Woe*.
Draw Coats of *Pageantry*, and Proclamations
Of *Peace*, concluded with one, two, three Nations.
Canst thou not on the Change make Merchants grin
Like outward smiles, whiles vexing thoughts within?
Thou art no Artist, if thou canst not faign,
And counterfeit the counterfeit disdain.
Draw a brave Standard, rustling at a rate
Much other than it did for *Chathams* fate.
The *Tow'r-Guns* too, thundring their Joys, that they
Have scap'd the danger of b'ing ta'en away:
These, as now mann'd, for triumph are, not fight;
As painted fire for show, not heat or light.
Amongst the Roar of these, and the mad shout
Of a poor nothing-understanding Rout,
That think the *On-and-Off-Peace* now is true,
Thou might'st draw Mourners for *Black Bartholmew*:
Mourners in *Sion!* Oh 'tis not to be
Discover'd; draw a Curtain curteously
To hide them. Now proceed to draw at night
A Bonfire here and there; but none too bright,
Nor lasting: for 'twas *Brushwood*, as they say,
Which they that hop'd for Coals now flung away.
But stay, I had forgot my Mother: Draw
The Church of England 'mongst thy *Opera*,
To play their part too; or the *Dutch* will say
In *War* and *Peace* they've born the Bells away.
At th'is end then, two or three Steeples ringing,
At th' other end draw *Quires*, *Te Deum* singing;
Between them leave a space for Tears: Remember
That 'tis not long to th' Second of *September*.
Now if thou skill'st prospective Landskip, draw
At distance what perhaps thine Eyes ne'er saw:
Polyroon, *Spicy Islands*, *Kits*, or *Guinney*;
Syrrenam, *Nova Scotia*, or *Virginia?*
No, no; I mean not these; pray hold your laughter;
These things are far off, not worth looking after:

Give

Give not a hint of these: Draw Highland, Lowland,
Mountains and Flats: Draw *Scotland* first, then *Holland*.
See, canst thou ken the *Scots* frowns? Then draw those
That something had to get, but nought to lose.
Canst thou through fogs discern the *Dutchmen* drink?
Buss-Skippers, lately Capers, stamp to think
Their Catching-craft is over: some have ta'en,
To eke their War, a Warrant from the *Dane*.
But passing these, their Statesmen view a while,
In ev'ry graver countenance a smile:
Copy the piece there done, wherein you'l see
One laughing out, *I told you how 't would be!*
Draw next a pompous Interchange of Seals;
But curs'd be he that Articles reveals
Before he knows them: Now for this take light
From him that did describe Sir *Edward*'s fight:
You may perhaps the truth on't doubt: what tho?
You'l have it then *Cum Privilegio*.
Then draw our Lords Commissioners advance,
Not homewards, but for *Flanders*, or for *France*;
There to parlier a while, untill they see
How things in Parliament resented be.
So much for Peace. Now for a Parliament:
A petty Session drew: With what content,
Guess by their countenance who came up post,
And quickly saw they had their labour lost:
Like the small Merchants when they Bargains sell;
Come hither *Jack*: What fry? Come kiss: farewel.
But 'twas abortive, born before its day;
No wonder then it dy'd so soon away.
Yet breath'd it once, and that with such a force,
It blasted Thirty Thousand Foot and Horse.
As one *Prometheus* man did sneez so hard,
As routed all that new rais'd standing Guard
Of Teeth, to keep the Tongue in order: So
Down fall our New Gallants without a Toe.
But if this little one could do so much,
What will the next? Give a Prophetick touch.
If thou know how; if not, leave a great space,
For great things to be pourtray'd in their place.
Now draw the shadow of a Parliament,
As if to scare the upper World 'twere sent:
Cross your selves, Gentlemen, for shades will fright,
Especially if 't be an *English* Sprite:
Vermilion this mans gulld, ecruse his fears;
Sink th' others Eyes deep in his Head with cares:
Another thought some on Accounts to see
How his Disbursements with Receipts agree.
Peep into Coaches, see Perriwigs neglected,
Cross'd arms and legs of such as are suspected,
Or do suspect what's coming, and foresee
Themselves must share in this Polutrophy.
Painter, hast travell'd? Didst thou e'er see *Rome*?
That fam'd piece there, *Angelo*'s Day of Doom?
Horrors and Anguish of Descenders there,
May teach thee how to paint Descenders here.
Canst thou describe the empty shifts are made,
Like that which Dealers call, *Forcing of Trade*?
Some shift their Crimes, some Places; and among
The rest, some will their Countreys too, ere long.
Draw in a corner Gamesters, shuffling, cutting,
Their little crafts, no wit, together putting:
How to pack Knaves 'mongst Kings and Queens, to make
A saving Game, whilst Heads are at the stake:
But cross their Cards, until it be confest,
Of all the play, fair dealing is the best.
Draw a Veil of Displeasure, one to *H——de*,
And some prepar'd to strike a blow on's side.
Let him that built high, now creep low to shelter,
When Potentates must tumble, *Helter Skelter*.
The Purse, Seal, Mace, are gone, as it was fit;
Such Marks as these could not chuse but be hit.
The Purse, Seal, Mace, are gone; *Bartholmew*-day,
Of all the days i'th' year, they're ta'en away.
The Purse, Seal, Mace are gone, but to another
Mitre; I wish not so, though to my Brother:
I care not for Translation to a See,
Unless they would translate to *Italy*.
Now draw a Sail playing before the wind,
From the North West; that which it leaves behind,
Curses or Out-cries, mind them not, till when
They do appear Realities, and then
Spare not no paint them in their Colours, though
Crimes of a *Viceroy*: *Deputies* have so
Been serv'd e're now. But if the Man prove true,
Let him, with *Pharaoh*'s *Butler*, have his due,
Make the same wind blow strong against the shore
Of *France*, to hinder some from coming o'er.
And rather draw the Golden Vessel burning,
Even there, then hither with her Fraight returning.
'Tis true the Noble Treasurer is gone:
Wise, faithful, loyal; some say th' onely one:
Yet I will hope we've Pilots left behind
Can steer our Vessel without Southern Wind.
Women have grossly snar'd the wisest Prince
That ever was before, or hath been since:
And Granham *Athaliah* in that Nation,
Was a great hinderer of Reformation.
Paint in a new Piece painted *Jezabel*;
Giv't to adorn the Dining Room of Hell:
Hang by her others of the Gang; for more
Deserve a place with *Rosamond*, *Jane Shore*, &c.
Stay, Painter; now look here's below a space,
I'th' bottom of all this, what shall we place?
Shall it be *Pope*, or *Turk*, or *Prince*, or *Nun*?
Let the Resolve write *Nescio*. So have done.
Expose thy Piece now to the World to see:
Perhaps they'l say of It, of Thee, of Me,
Poems and Paints can speak sometimes Bold Truths,
Poets and Painters are Licentious Youths.

Quæ ſequuntur, in limine Thalami Regii, à neſcio quo nebulone ſcripta, reperiebantur.

Bella fugis, Bellas ſequeris, Belloq; repugnas
Et Bellatori, ſunt tibi Bella Thori.
Imbelles Imbellis amas, Audaxq; videris
Mars ad opus Veneris, Martis ad Arma Venus.

A Catholick Hymn on the Birth of the Prince of WALES.

I.

When inraged *Southask*
In his *Female's* Womb caſt,
A Clap which coſt twenty *Guinny's*
A project he had
Of Revenge on the Dad,
And to blow up the Race of the *Ninnys*.

II.

The Dutcheſs ſhe dy'd
If a Convert not bely'd,
And 'twas reſolv'd in Cabal ſoon after
To raiſe up a breed
Of true Catholick ſeed,
To Supplant the two Heretick Daughters.

III.

Then from *Lombardy* came
A *Dutcheſs* of Fame,
Inſtructed in Arts Italian
Who rather than Church
Should be leſe in the lurch,
Might b' indulg'd the uſe of a Stallion.

IV.

The Poyſon entall'd
So far had prevail'd,
'Twas high time to ſeek out for a wonder
Our caſe muſt be ſad
If a Boy can't be had,
To keep the Hereticks under.

V.

Then ſtreight we repair
To the Infallible Chair,
Whoſe adviſe we muſt not forget'o
To preſent at the Shrine
Of the Lady Divine,
That Miracles works at *Loretto*.

VI.

The Preſent was ſent
And Mother *Dutcheſs* went,
On a Voyage from this World to th' other
Where ſhe made a Prayer
For a Catholick Heir,
That the Queen might once more be a Mother.

VII.

The Requeſt was ſoon granted
And *Modena* Sainted,
And ſtreight the glad tidings came down here,
Which at Court was full hot
Before the Child was begot,
That we muſt have an Heir to the Crown here.

VIII.

The Fathers kept Reckoning
Some of them were ſpeaking,
O' th' other ſide of the Water
That *Trinity* Sunday
Wou'd bring forth a young Boy,
Shou'd convert the Nation hereafter.

IX.

Much of this may be done
By way of *Dragoon*,
As *France* hath taught us the faſhion
Religion to Plant
By true Church Militant,
Far better than Convocation.

X.

The Church has ſtill took care
To provide for an Heir,
When Crowns are in diſpute Sir,
This made the *French* Queen
To take *Mazarine*
For Cardinal *Coadjutar*.

XI.

From hence Sprang the Man
Call'd *Lewis Le Grand*,
And who knows but it may be
Given in Commiſſion
T' anſwer *Dutcheſs's* Petitions
To his Eminence *Nuncio Dada*.

XII.

Some think 'twas an Omen
Of no good to ſome Men,
That before the Critical hour
When the Queen was to lie Down
Ere the Prince came to Town,
The *Biſhops* were clapt in the *Tower*.

XIII.

And now he's come out
A Bleſſing no doubt,
And an *Hero* as ſure as may be
As Big and as Bold
As a Boy a Month Old,
More like than a new Born Baby.

XIV.

Let no Woman deſpair
Of having an Heir,
Altho' She be never ſo Barren
So long as there are Fathers
There'l not fail to be Mothers,
Without any fear of Miſcarrying.

XV.

XV.

May all Catholicks Pray
All Nigt and all Day,
(Or elſe our Projects come ſhort all)
That the Goddeſs which ſent him
Would Graciouſly grant them,
That the Boy may be Immortal.

XVI

Then we will not forget ho
To ſing Praiſe to *Lorretto*,
And ſet up great *Winnifreds* Fame
And let all Men be willing
That new *Pauls* which is Building,
Henceforth be call'd *Noſtre Dame.*

Adviſe to the Teſt-Holders. 1687.

WE Father *Godden*, *Gregory*, and all
The pious Prieſts that on the Saints do call,
To the Bleſt Virgin make it our requeſt,
That you *Teſt-Holders* would abjure the Teſt:
By Chriſtian Liberty to heal our Sins,
And not lay Stumbling-blocks to break our ſhins.
Such rich returns can your Allegiance bring,
Is this your Intereſt to oblige the King?
He that buy's Liberty has given you ſcope
Enough to hang your ſelves in your own rope,
And would you have him to exclude the Pope?
What got that Looby Duke that did oppoſe
Our Soul advice, but pious checks and blows,
The holy Prieſt he ore the Temple ſmote,
Twas well that beating ſav'd his Graces Throat.
So *Albemarl* whether wrong or right
For his Religion can like *G——ton* fight.
Let learned Doctors arraign by the Word,
He knows no Sillogiſm but his Sword.
The haughty Peer fam'd for the Conference,
Altho' his Lordſhip made a ſtout defence,
What got he by't? he baffled us, and we
Blew up his Lordſhip from the Treaſury.
And *Cl——don* that Whig, from *Ireland* come,
For all his Sence receiv'd no better doom;
The Brothers now may ſtrut, ſince he came hither
Like the two *Brandford* Kings, and Reign together.
For *Nor——ke*, *S——ke*, *L——ley*, *S——berry*,
They were our own, and ſo again ſhall be.
And for the Gallick Peer with Golden Key,
We have on a ſure Lock, as well as they,
With *P——rough*, *M——ey*, *M——ve*, all
The Peers in pay in th' Circuite of *Whitehall.*
But *Somerſets* loſt ſtate we all condole,
For we have a Compaſſion for his Soul,
The King may ſend ſuch orders as he liſt,
But he'l receive no orders from a Prieſt;
His Graces orders his Dragoons ſecures
To kick the holy Fathers out of doors.
But with the turn-coat Marquels it was worſe,
Who while we pray'd begun to Swear and Curſe,
(Whilſt not his Soul we aim'd at, but his Money,)
To toſs the Fathers over the Balcony.
In vain poor *Harry* ſtrives againſt the tide,
He ſuffers Pennance for his Brothers Pride;
As *N——t* late, who did the Court controul,
Firſt loſt his Office, and then loſt his Soul.
Herbert, whoſe fall a greater blow did feel,
From topmaſt pendant to the lower Keel,
Whoſe Courage boundleſs as the Seas before,
Undaunted ſtood at the loud Canons roar,
Now ducks at a falſe firing on the ſhoar.
The Admiral may now turn common Seaman,
Or *Fer——s* like; from Court to Country Yeoman.
P——ton, in *France* who paſt for ſuch a Saint,
Since he came ore has danc'd the ſame Corant;
French breeding ſure would teach a Man more ſence,
Than to be loſt in point of Conſcience.
Wiſe *M——gue* the Wardrope beſt does fit,
Boaſt you your Loyalty, he has the Wit:
For he with ev'ry ſide can change his ſtrain,
Such Pollicy will build his Houſe again.
D——mouth we had forgot, but 'twas his prayer
When all was turnd that he might ſcape the Snare;
For this the Powers, and all the Saints, we pray,
Fair *Winnifred*, and ſweet *Cecilia*,
When all the Purgatorian flames have paſt,
For Pennance grant that he may be the laſt.
Now for Advice, which if you would purſue
Would ſave your Souls, and your Imployments too;
Diſſemble, and take Penſions as we doe.
Who'd be like *O——rd* ſtiff, or *K——all*, ſhy,
To loſe a Regiment, or Company.
Who pities the *Teſt-Holders*, or affords
Compaſſion to the diſobliged Lords,
But neither Cloſet, nor Advice can win
To change the obdurate *Ethiopian* Skin.
The Quack and Timbar Knight may ſtrain
For Golden Proſelites, but all in vain,
All our endeavours cannot gain a Man,
They will be obſtinate, doe what we can,
And will like *Kirk* firſt turn *Mahumetan.*
And why all this, to ſee the Land-oppreſt
With *Beſſes* Acts, and *Aſhley Coopers* Teſt,
Which to Repeal we have ſuch ſtrong Directions,
Windings and Turnings, and daily Tranſmigrations,
You cannot Err if you oblige the Court,
Or if you doe we can Abſolve you for't.

The

The E. of ESSEX's Ghost. 1687.

FRom the blest Regions of Eternal Day, (Ray.
Where Heaven born Souls Imbibe th' Immortal
Where Liberty and Innocence reside
Free from the Gripes of Tyranny and Pride,
Where pious Patriots that have shed their blood
For sacred Truth and for the publick good,
Now rest secure from thence (poor Isle) I come
To see thy Sorrows and bewail thy Doom;
Thy sore Oppressions and thy peircing Cry,
Disturbs our Rest and drowns our Harmony.
When stiff-neck'd *Israel* did their God reject,
And in his stead an Idol-King erect:
Heavens flaming Sword he brandish'd in his hand,
And dreadful Thunder struck their sinful Land;
Till Penitence atton'd his sinful Ire,
And Quench'd the rage of his consuming fire.
But this poor Land still feels the dire effect
Of his just Wrath who his mild Reign reject.
Unhappy Isle how oft has thou been Curst
With t——lish Kings, but this of all's the worst.
The Fire, the Plague, the Sword, are dreadful fiends,
This R——l Plague all others far transcends.
From him the Fountain all our Mischiefs flows,
From him the Fire, from him the War arose.
With *Rome* he Plots, Religion to o'erthrow,
With *France* Combines, to Enslave the People too.
No Man must near his Sacred Person come,
Except he be for Tyranny and *Rome*.
With hardned Face he Assaults the Frail and Fair,
Uses his Power the Vertuous to ensnare.
With *Troops* of Vice he Conquers *Liberty*,
Depresses Vertue, Enthrones *Tyranny*,
Threatens the Coward, Fawns upon the Bold,
Debauches all with Power or with Gold.
Lift up thy Head afflicted Isle, and hear,
The time of thy Deliverance draws near;
His full blown Crimes will certainly pull down
A slow, but sure, Destruction of his Crown.
His Loathed Acts thy freedom's Birth shall cause,
Secure Religion, produce wholesome Laws.
No more the Poor, the Rich one shall devour,
No more shall Right yield to Oppressive Power:
No more shall Rapine make the Country groan,
Nor Civil Wars shall reign within the Town:
The Iron Scepter, and the Tyrant's Hand,
Shall cease henceforth to bruise thy happy Land.
Rome's Hocus Pocus Ministers no more,
Shall cause Mankind their Jugling Priests to adore:
Thy *Learned Clergy* shall confound them all,
And they, like *Ely*'s Sons, unpitied fall.
Dark Mists of Errors then must fly away,
And Hells Delusions shrink from the bright day.
Truth's sacred light in full abundance shall
Upon thy Teachers, and thy People fall.
So when th' Eternal Son was born to die
For all the World, the lesser Gods did fly;
His bright appearance struck their *Prophets* down,
And, Death like silence did their *Gods* Intomb.
The tunefull *Spheres* with Hallelujahs rung,
Heavens mighty Host with Man one Chorus sung.
Nere fading Glory unto God above,
Peace upon Earth, to Men Eternal Love.
Thus the Creation shooted with one Voice,
Thus Heaven and Earth did at his Birth rejoice:
And thus shall all repeat this Song again,
When upon Earth he shall begin to reign.
But this loud Isle shall be the chosen place,
Here shall the King of Kings begin his race:
Judea was his Cradle, and his Tomb,
Britain shall be his Throne in time to come.

Popish Politicks Unmaskt.

WAlking (some Ten years since) along the Park,
One Summer Eve, before it was quite dark;
I fancied 'mongst a Grove of Trees I spy'd
A Man stand musing by the Water side:
I wish 'twas but a fancy, but I doubt
You'l find it none when you have heard it out.
This Person was a very tall, black man,
Above the common size almost a span,
His Face was wasted in most piteous sort
In all things else he was of Royal port:
But if grim-looks alone Majestick be,
Commend me to that Face for Majesty;
For such it had enough for two or three.
To this Tall Man join'd instantly another
Of near his Stature, whom he called Brother,
Richly encircled with a numerous Ring,
Which shew'd he wanted nought but Name of King;
Some time they silent were, till all were gon,
Then did the Taller say, Brother go on,
Which thus he did.——
I shall, Great Sir, my last Discourse retrieve,
I pray you good attention to it give;
Your case peculiar is, peculiar too
Must be your care, or you'l your self undo;
For Stations high, with Industry and Wit,
A second way may find, if first don't hit:

But

But Princes mounted on a Sovereign Throne
Nor have, nor can have other way but one
To curb the saucy Vulgar, and pull down
Their Cobweb Rights that Circumscribe the Crown.
Tear off your Shackles, make the Bumkins know
There's none but you Almighty here below.
You spoil your Game, Sir, while you do thus dally,
Who follows him that standeth, shall I, shall I?
You Cow the Bold, and Keen the Cowards heart,
Whilst you, divided, Act the Doubtful part.
Had you, when *London* was in Flames, but run (done,
And Cut the Cits damn'd Throats, your work you'd
You should have made their Blood the Fire to meet,
With Bodies fed the Flames in every Street.
To do and undo, suits well sorry things,
But 'tis beneath the Majesty of Kings:
Cæsar or nothing's writ on all they do;
For Monarchs know no Medium 'twixt these two.
What is't you stick at, Sir? Would you retreat?
You're now so far Engaged you must beat
Or Beaten be, Ride or be Ridden now,
He never back must look that holds the Plow.
It may be you'd not Promise break, nor Oath,
Pish! All the World well know you can do both.
With great advice the other day you said
By Parliaments and Counsels you'd be sway'd:
To day you think it good to let them know,
What e're you said, you ne're intended so:
Fools to their Word, but Princes great, like you,
To nought but their Intentions must be true.
What! Is't the Laws you tender are to break?
It's well known that's a scruple but too weak:
For Laws are nothing else but Ties and Bands,
On purpose made to Shackle Subjects Hands,
Or, of fit Tools is't you so doubtful are?
If that be it, I'le ease you of your Care;
I Villains of intrinsick value have,
And more Obedient than a Turkish Slave:
If you but bid them thrust their bloody Knives
Into their Fathers Throats, their Childrens, Wives,
Or any but their own, they'l freely do't,
And lay them sprawling at your Sacred foot.
I have my Teagues and Tories at my beck
Will wring their Heads off like a Chickens neck;
Try'd Rogues, that never will so much as start
To tear from Mothers Belly Infants Heart,
Firft Rape, then rip them up, in one Half-hour
Two Lusts they'l satiate, do but give them power.
Faint Rogues will melt, and have their qualms of fear
At Fathers Groans, or at a Mothers Tear,
But mine are Monsters, fit for any Prince, (Sense.
Not plagu'd with Conscience, nor yet plagu'd with
The Flames of Hell, Horror, Eternal pains,
The Clergy's Cheats to propagate their Gains,
They Ridicule and scorn to lend their Ear,
Let Knaves for Profit Preach, and Fools go hear,
The Tales of Future Bliss, not worth a Rush.
With them one Bird in Hand's worth two i' th' Bush.
Others won't serve you but on constant Pay,
My Hounds will Hunt, and live upon their Prey;
A Virgins Haunch, or well Bak'd Ladies Breast,
To them is better then a Ven'son Feast;
Babes Pettitoes, cut large with Arms and Leggs,
They far prefer 'fore Pettitoes of Piggs:
Poor Span long Infants, that like Carps, well Stew'd
In their own Blood, their Irish Chaps have Chew'd;
And Fathers Cauls have Candles made to Light
Those black Inhumane Banquets of the Night.
What e're you'd have, what e're your wishes craves,
Nod, and 'tis done by my Obedient Slaves.
They know no Scruple, no Command dispute,
But do't as readily as *Turkish* Mute.
You see, Sir where you are, your Royal date
Grows out, if you don't soon support your Fate.
To shake off Parliaments will be too great,
And put you in too violent a Sweat,
To Baffle therefore, but not cast them off,
To hold them still, but hold them still in Scoff,
Must be your work; For we are weaken'd so,
That we must drive the Nail that now will go:
And that too, we must do with gentle hand
That tho' they sit, they may not understand.
When *January* comes, Cold and ill way
Will call it Love to put them off till *May*,
In *May* some odd Intelligence comes newly
Won't suffer you to hold them until *July*,
And *July* so with Heat and Sickness vext,
Pity Prorogues them to *November* next.
And time is ill spent, if before that day
We be not able to throw Mask away.
This far exceeds Dissolving in my mind,
And gives to our Design a better Blind;
For if Two Parliaments you slight, I doubt
The Rogues will then begin to Scent us out;
For (Watchful, with Erected Ears) the Herd
Stand listning now concern'd, and much afear'd;
A Covey, half o'e-spread, half scap'd the Net,
Are always harder than at first to set:
So People slipt out of the Noose, or Train,
Are much the harder to be catcht again.
With Prorogations therefore short, and soft
They must be Treated; These repeated oft
Will chafe them so, that either mad with rage,
They'l bring their Old Rebellion on the Stage,
Or sullen sit, and leer on what we do,
(The far more dangerous humour of the two)
Their dogged Nature now its Venom vents
In choosing Damn'd and Plaguy Parliaments;
Poor fools, their Rage does quite out-run their Wit,
Yet you must never suffer them to sit,
But mock the Choice, and mock the Session too.
Another way, Sir, we our work will do;

One

One Plot is better than Ten Parliaments,
Thoſe give you Taxes, theſe ſhall give you Rents;
A Thouſand of the Richeſt we will Scrue
Into a Plot they ne'r heard of, nor knew.
If Rents 3000 *l.* a Day, won't do,
I'le three times three, by this Plot help you to.
This, Sirs, your buſineſs, and look to your Stuff,
Is all your care, for we have Rogues enough;
Do you but Judges get, I'le Juries find;
Witneſſes too, according to our mind,
Such Spruce Rogues, ah! 'twould do you good to hear
How daring bold, and bravely they will Swear;
They're not like *Bedlow*, *Dugdale*, *Oates*, and ſuch,
Conſider firſt, for fear to ſpeak too much,
Nor let their Conſcience maim their Evidence,
Through tender fear of hurting Innocence:
Nor do I care for a Phanatick Nooſe,
All are Phanaticks that have ought to loſe.
Judge, Witneſſes, and Jury, I'le make ſure,
The Devil's in't if all ben't then ſecure.
Yet if this fails don't you diſcourag'd be,
To form new Plots, leave to my Prieſts and me;
Like Pins one Plot another ſhall drive out,
Till we have brought our onely Plot about.
Our firſt work is to ſave our Friends, that done,
Like ſhirts o' our backs, we'll have more Plots than one;
As faſt as this fails, t'other we will ſtart,
Till Plot, like Pox, have ſeiz'd on every part.
They fain would foil our Plots, and fill your Ears
With Regicide intents to raiſe your fears,
This fruitleſs Gun-that Dagger ſtabs your Belly,
When you know all, better than they can tell ye.
Go on, Sir, never fear the heedleſs Herd,
They have no Courage but when you're afear'd:
On me lay all the fault of Town and Age,
I'le ſafely ſcreen you from the Peoples Rage;
For when ill Accidents our Plots do ſpoil
Me they'l call Rogue, but you moſt ſacred ſtile:
For Loyalty ows them in every thing,
Tho' you deſtroy them, yet, God ſave the King,
Tho' you them ſtab and I but hold the Knife,
Yet ſtill they'l wiſh your Majeſty long life.
Thus, great Sir, you're the greateſt Prince alive;
If Plots according to our projects thrive;
And thrive they ſhall, if you'l but do your part,
And from propoſed methods never ſtart:
For Plots like Clock-work are; one Pin pull'd out
Doth all its Order, and its Beauty rout,
Steady your hand, keep Parliaments at Bay,
Nor off, nor on, nor Working, nor at Play,
Clip every Tongue you find do hang too long,
('Tis taking wind makes every thing ſcent ſtrong.)
Thus if you do, all fortune I'le defie,
All other things pray leave to Fate and I:
And now adieu, I'le dive beneath the ſhow,
And act my Popiſh Will by Art below.

He being gone, in ſteps a certain Lord,
Who had of all was ſaid heard every Word.
Great Sir (ſaid he) who can tell what to ſay?
If you by Popiſh Councils mean to ſway,
Curs'd be thoſe Councils! and the Men that do
Perſwade you to our Ruine, and yours too.
A Thouſand Names, Ten Thouſand let your Brother
In's next Book write, if he dares write another:
Ten Gentrys Names for one that he hath got,
Nay let him name us all in the next Plot.
All but the Papiſts Sir,——all but a few
Of *Rome*'s ſworn Vaſſals and her Clergy Crew.
Bate but this ſort, and then take you the Pole,
You'l hardly get another *Engliſh* Soul.
Aſſoon as will then let your Brother draw
High'r Huffs, yet he ſhall never *England* awe,
On our ſide ſtand the People, and the Law:
For don't miſtake, Sir, 'tis by Law alone
Your Right's derived to our *Engliſh* Throne,
Set that aſide, and make the Law a ſham,
No Sovereign you, nor I a Subject am;
For that ſame Law that gives you Dignity,
Gives me my Life, Fortune and Liberty:
Pardon, if with leſs reverence this is ſaid,
Than doth become a Member to its Head;
For it ſound Doctrine is, tho' Cully Brother
And Popiſh Wits would fain find out another.
Within the Circle of the Law, great Sir,
I ſtand, and out of it I'le never ſtir:
If to be King you be content, I will
Pay all Allegiance and Obedience ſtill;
The Peoples Rights, and all our *Engliſh* Laws
Do make the ſtrongeſt ſide the Subjects Cauſe.
Nor can your keeping us from Parliaments
E're farther or advantage your Intents,
Far greater are the Chooſers than the Choice,
England's Free-holders have a mighty voice;
Theſe we'l unite, theſe we'l aſſociate,
And if we can't defend our Lives and Fate
We'l fairly fall, and Freemen to our Graves
We'l rather chooſe to go, than to be Slaves.
Our Anceſtors ſhan't Curſe us in their Tomb,
Nor ſhall our Children in their Mothers Womb.
They left us Free, and we ours Free will leave.
Or Death our Hopes and Us ſhall both deceive.

Thus ſaid——with angry looks He went his way
No anſwer from his greatneſs could I pray;
Then I trudg'd too; for vain it was to ſtay.

A Parad-

The PARADOX, upon the Confinement of the BISHOPS, and their Bailing out.

Let *Cynics* Bark, and the stern *Stagyrite*,
At *Epicurus* Precepts vent their Spite;
Let Churchmen Preach their threadbare Paradox,
Passive Obedience, to there Bleeding Flocks.

Let *Stoics* boast of a contented Mind,
The Joy and Pleasure of a Life confin'd,
That in Imprisonment the Soul is free;
Grant me, ye Gods, but Ease and Liberty!

That there is Pleasure in a dirty Road,
A tired Horse that sinks below his Load,
No Money, and an old-inveterate Pox;
This I'l believe with out a Paradox

But to affirm 'twas the dispensing Pow'r,
That did decree the Prelates to the Tow'r,
And such Confinements for the Propagation
O'th' Faith and Doctrine of the Reformation.

That, to remove the Candlesticks from Sight,
To enlarge the Gospel and the Light,
And the seven Angels under Sequestration
To guard the Church from *Pagan* Innovation.

To say that this is Keeping of our Word,
The only Means we have to be secur'd;
Supporting of the *English* Church and Cause
In all it's Priviledges, Rights, and Laws.

Pardon my Faith, for sooner I'l believe
The subtle Serpent was deceiv'd by *Eve*,
Rome shall with Hereticks her Promise keep,
And Wolves and Bears protect the stragling Sheep.

That *Powis* shall be Mild and Moderate,
Not out of meer Regard to his Estate,
And for a hopeful Heir invoke the Saints
Out of his tender Love to Protestants.

That this young Heir Great *Orange* to prevent,
Being assign'd to the next Parliament,
Shall be brought up 'ith' Protestant Profession,
To ratify a Catholic Succession.

That Father *Petre*'s Counsel shall prevail
To quit their guiltless Lordships without Bail;
And *Giffard* beg, i'th' Name of the young Prince,
Dispensing Pow'r may with their Crimes dispence.

That *Condom* with the Jesuits shall fide,
To beg their Lordships never may be try'd;
Chiefly old *S.* the dear hopes to shun
Of being *England*'s Metropolitan.

That *D—ham* shall propitiate for his Grace,
And *Chester* shall with *Chichester* change Place;
And *H—*, when made a Cardinal,
Shall make a Learn'd Apology for all.

That, for old *Ely*, *Bristol*, *Bath* and *Wells*,
The Jesuits shall pawn their Beads and Bells;
For *Loyd* and *Peterborough* to be Bail
Good *Rochester* will lye himself in Goal.

That *M——t*, Tride and Lust, in *Driden*'s Rhymes,
Shall make Attonement for their Lordship's Crimes;
And Wife's Sobriety shall recompence
For their Apostate Disobedience.

Or that the Grome o'th' stole, since he declar'd,
Shou'd from his former Luxury be debar'd;
Or the grave President shou'd reinstall
The *English* Church upon the Bishop's Fall.

That the Lord *C——r.* shou'd quit the Purse,
For there respective fines to reimburse;
Or that the Judges should not all conspire
To find 'em guilty of a Premunire.

That *Pemberton*'s sound Counsel shou'd prevail,
And *Allibone* shou'd sue to be their Bail;
Or *H——*, that lyes upon the Lurch,
Who left the Charters, shall restore the Church.

That *Melford*'s Cross, erected at the *Bath*,
With *Perth*, an Emblem of their new-got Faith,
The Cause o'th' *Q——*'s Conception do remain,
And will produce the same Effects again.

That City Treats with Masquerades are grac't,
To keep their Wives upright, their Daughters chast;
And Court Intrigues with Balls are carry'd on,
For Vertue only, to preserve the Throne.

That she, who lately took into her Choice
The witty Author of the Brace of Mice,
Shall baffle the old Panther in her Race,
And Crown her Husband with the Laureat's Bayes.

All this I freely can believe, and more:
But that the Lords are Bayl'd out of the Tower,
With greater Load to be sent there again,
For Breach of Laws they indeavour'd to maintain.

That they have Guilt of Disobedience,
In this you must excuse my Diffidence,
Who plac'd upon the Monarch's Head the Crown,
Props of the Church, and Pillars of the Throne.

A Letter from ROBERT Earl of ROCHESTER to the PLAYERS. 1682.

OUr Prologue-Wit grows flat: the Nags worn out;
And howso'ere Wooten, and stinche Stuff,
The Gloss is gone, that look'd at first so gaudy.
'Tis now no jest to hear young Girls talk Baudy.
But Plots and Parties give new matter birth:
And State Distractions serve you here for mirth.
At *England's* cost Poets now purchase Fame
While Factious Heats destroy us, without Shame
These wanton Asses fiddle to the Flame.
The Stage, like old Rump-Pulpits, is become
The Scene of News, in furious Party's Drum.
Here Poets beat their Brains for Volunteers,
And take fast hold of Asses by their Ears.
Their jingling Rhime for Realon here you swallow;
Like *Orpheus* Musick makes Beasts to follow.
What an enlightning Grace is want of Bread! (Head;
How it can change a Libeller's Heart and clear a *Laureats*
Open his Eyes till the mad Prophet see Medal
Plots working in a Jesuits power to be
Traitors unform'd to his *Sebast* sight are clear;
And Squadrons here, and Squadrons there appear;
Rebellion is the *Burden* of the *Seer*.
To *Bays* in Vision were of late reveal'd
Whigg-*Armies*, *Wat at Knights-bridge* Lay conceal'd. (Rehea.
And though no mortal eye could see't before Com. p. 31.
The Battaile was just entring at the Door! Rehearl.
A dangerous *Association* sign'd by None! Comedy
The Joyner's Plot to seize the King alone? p. 52.
Stephen with *College* made this Dire compact.
The watchful *Irish* took 'em in the Fact
Of riding arm'd! Oh Traiterous *Oxens* Act!
With each of 'em an ancient Pistol sided:
Against the Statute in that Case provided.
But why was such an Host of Swearers prest?
Their succour was ill Husbandry at best.
Bayes's crown'd Muse, by Sovereign Right of Satyre,
Without desert, can dub a man a Traitor.
And Toryes, without troubling Law, or Reason,
By loyal Instinct can find Plots and Treason.
But here's our Comfort, though they never scan
The merits of the Cause, but of the Man.
Our gracious Statesmen vow not to forsake
Law that is made by Judges whom they Make.
Behind the Curtain, by Court-Wires, with ease
They turn those Pliant Puppets as they please.
With frequent Parliaments our hopes they feed,
Such shall be sure to meet——but when there's Need.
When a sick State and sinking Church call for 'em,
Then 'tis our Tories most of all abhor 'em.

That Prayer, that Oblation Plentyful Arbeque
Grateful to Heaven, as Court an Offence,
If [illegible] Nay Paper's Tumult, when our Senates cease;
And some Men's Malice and Ill-Nature Hatred
Petitioning disturbs the Kingdom's Quiet;
As choosing honest Sheriffs makes a Ryot.
To punish Rascals, and bring *Traitors* to Reason,
Is to be hot, and press things out of Season;
And to damn Popery is *Irish* Treason.
To love the King, and Knaves about him hate,
Is a Fanatick Plot against the State.
To Skreen his Person from a Popish Gun
Has all the mischief in't of *Forty One*.
To save our Faith and keep our Freedom's Charter,
Is once again to make a Royal Martyr.
This Logick is of Tories deep induring.
The very best they have——but Oaths and Fighting.
Let 'em then chime it on, it 'twill oblige ye.
And *Roger* vapour o're us in *Effigie*.
Let 'em in Ballads give their folly Vent,
And sing up Nonsence to their Hearts content.
If for the King, (so All's preferred) they
Do here drink Healths, and curse, little We may pay
Heaven once more keep him then for *Healing Ends*
Safe from old Foes——but most from his new Friends
Such Protestants as prop a *Popish* Cause.
And loyal Men, that break all Bounds of Laws?
Whose Pride is with his Servant Salaries fed,
And when they 've fair do left him a Crutch of Bread,
Their corrupt Fathers foreign Steps to follow,
Cheat even at Craps, and that last Sop would swallow
French Fetters may this Isle no more endure;
Spite of *Rome's* Arts stand *England's* Church secure.
Not from such Brothers as desire to mend it,
But false Sons, who designing worse to send it
With lewd *Jews*, and no *Fortunes* would defend it.

A Sale of old STATE *Household-stuff, occasioned by a report that his Majesty intended to take down the Hangings in the two Houses of Parliament, and Warm out the Room the Hangings in the Lords being the Hatching of the* Spanish Invasion, 1688. *and in the Commons, Hangings the Gun-powder-Treason.*

THe Goverment being resolv'd
To new furnish the House of State,
Has thought fit rig to put off the Old,
That was rusty, and worn out of date:

The

come all you State Brokers away,
And take off our old-fashion'd Trinkums,
for a small matter may buy,
That which cost the Price of three Kingdoms;
Quoth Jemy *the Bigoted K—*,
Quoth Jemy *the Politic th—g*
With a Threeware Oath,
And a Catholic Truth,
That never was worth a Farthing.

2.

e's (what was to cleanse Church and State)
The Besom of Reformation,
ought in by *Harry* the Eighth,
And *Bess*'s grave Convocation;
ere are diverse Conformity Acts,
The Penal Laws and all,
ich a parcel of over rul'd Statutes,
Kick'd out of *Westminster-Hall.*
Quoth Jemy, &c.

3.

me buy the old Tapstry Hangings,
Which hung in the House of Lords,
s kept the *Spanish Invasion,*
nd *Powder Plot* on Records:
nasty old *Magna Charta,*
That wants new scouring and cleaning,
t so long since, and so dark too,
That 'tis hard to pick out the meaning.
Quoth Jemy, &c.

4.

e's a Pack of nasty Court Cards,
much foul'd with over-playing,
lemn'd to the Fields of *Tom Turd,*
for they never were worth the Buying:
iful tatter'd *Scotch* League,
allow'd meerly to Trappan Men,
by the late K—— in Intreague,
nd afterwards burnt by the Hangman.
Quoth Jemy, &c.

5.

e Protestant Vizers, much worn
nd in use, since the Days of *Q. Bess*;
ich now we have laid by with Scorn,
being resolv'd to appear with bare face:
e buy a Thing brought from *Breda*
Call'd a Royal Declaration,
ch of late we have Copy'd at large,
Having promis'd to keep up the Fashion
Of Old *Simon* the *Kid*.
Quoth Jemy *the Politick*, &c.

6.

arcel of *Congé d'elires*
by Heretic Bishops own'd,
eward of the old Cavaliers
r their Loyalty to the Crown;
Here's your Corporation Charters,
And University Regulations,
For all which, as cheap you may barter
As for Cucumers in the Vacation.
Quoth Jemy, &c.

7.

Here's a Crew of Exclusion Abhorrors,
And a Litter of Loyal Addressors,
Who'd have run to the Devil for us
When they Bully'd for Popish Successors;
But now they're down in the Mouth,
Their Damning and Healthing forsakes 'em,
If you think 'em not a Penyworth,
For fetching the Devil may take 'em.
Quoth Jemy, &c.

8.

Here's a Tribe of mad Pulpiteers,
That still for Right Line were a Trimming,
We'l exchange 'em for Bandileers,
And leave 'em to *Urim* and *Thummim*:
Here's a Cart-load of Observators,
That were writ in defence of the Church,
By *Hodge*, that Eternal Prater,
Whose Quill is now left in the Lurch.
Quoth Jemy, &c.

9.

Will you buy any Protestant Places
In Army, or where you think best, Sir?
Those that think to keep 'em are Asses,
When once we are rid of the Test, Sir:
And thus will I end my Sale
With the Bar to either House;
If we get but over it well,
For the rest I care not a Louse.
Quoth, &c.

An

EPITAPH *on the Lord* FAIRFAX.

By the D. of Buck——

UNder this stone does lye
One, Born for Victory,
Fairfax the Valiant, and the only He,
Whoe'r, for that alone a Conqueror would be,
Both Sexes Vertues were, in him combin'd:
He had the Fierceness of the Manliest Mind,
And also the Meekness too of Woman-kind.
He never knew what Envy was, or Hate;
His Soul was filld with Worth, and Honesty;
And with another thing, quite out of date,
Call'd, Modesty.

2.

He ne'r seem'd Impudent, but in the Field; a Place
Where Impudence it self dares seldom show her Face:

Had any stranger spy'd him in the Road
With some of those whom he had overcome,
And had not heard their Talk, but only seen
Their gesture and their meen,
They wou'd have sworn he had the Vanquish'd been;
For as they brag'd, and dreadful wou'd appear,
While they their own ill lucks in War repeated,
His Modesty still made him blush, to hear
How often he had them Defeated.

3.

Through his whole Life, the Part he bore
Was wonderful, and Great,
And yet, it so appear'd in nothing more,
Than in his private last retreat:
For it's a stranger thing, to find
One Man of such a Glorious mind
As can dismiss the Pow'r h' has got,
Than Millions of the *Polls* and Braves,
Those despicable Fools and Knaves,
Who such a Pother make,
Through dulness and mistake
In seeking after Pow'r, but get it not.

4.

When all the Nation he had won,
And with expence of Blood had bought,
Store great enough he thought
Of Fame and of Renown;
He then his Arms laid down,
With full as little Pride
As if he had been of his Enemies side,
Or one of them cou'd do that were undone;
He neither Wealth, nor Places sought;
For others, not himself, he Fought.
He was content to know,
For he had found it so,
That, when he pleas'd, to Conquer, he was able,
And left the Spoil and Plunder to the Rabble:
He might have been a King;
But that he understood
How much it is a meaner thing
To be unjustly Great, than Honorably good.

5.

This, from the World, did Admiration draw,
And, from his Friends, both Love and Awe,
Remembring what in Fight he did before:
And his Foes lov'd him too,
As they were bound to do,
Because he was resolv'd to Fight no more.
So, bless'd of all, he Dy'd; but far more bless'd were we,
If we were sure to live, till we cou'd see
A Man as Great in War, in Peace as just, as he.

A MATCH, *between the keen* RASOR, *and the dull* AX. 1683. *Occasioned by the death of the Lord* Russel *and the E. of* Essex.

TEn Pounds to a Crown, (who will make the match)
On *Bomini*'s head, against Squire *Catch*,
Whose Instrument shall make most quick dispatch,
The Noble Rasor, or the Ax
In Bulk, (perhaps) not Virtue, lacks;
Which, by rare slight of hand, can do
More at one stroke, than that at two:
So Gems are precious, which unite
In little Orbs, great Rays of Light:
More subtle than th' Inchanted Sword,
Which slew twice o'er
The Knight, once slain before;
For thou cou'dst kill,
Against thy will,
And his, and ours, a Noble Lord.

2.

Dead doing Tool! surely just Fate
Will dub thee now the Ax of State;
If first the greatful Heav'ns shall not Translate
Thee thither, to maintain
The Regiment of *C——s* his Wain.
But gentle Muse, I pray thee tell,
What made that Hack, this shave so well:
And why the dapper *Monsieur* can
Out-do the heavy *Englishman*?
Did the old Ax, on that great day
It went away
To *Rome*, to be Enshrin'd,
Steal all the Steel; and only Iron leave behind?
Or did the Hone
Sharpen the Rasor, to the Ax give none?

3.

Won'd you this Riddle understand;
Distinguish 'twixt the Butcher's clumsy Hand,
And the invisible Command.
Divines allow, the unseen Powers
May wonders work; and why not ours,
Whether on Scaffolds, or in Towers?
All you, whose Lot
It once may be to go to Pot,
When e're the State shall hit your Blot;
And you, whose Heads by sullen Fates
Are doom'd to fall at these hard rates:
Pray use your Barber's cheaper Art,
And let your bungling Butcher's bear no Part.

...for a curious Youth to cut your Throats,
Who (on occasion fine, and neat)
Will do the clever Feat;
Let trusty *Monsieur* prefingage your ready Votes.

Warning to the PROTESTANT *Peers, from their best of Friends, the* JESUITS, 1687.

1.

Since Prose won't Move, wee'l try what Verse can do:
If you your obstinacy still pursue,
Our slighted Council you too late may Rue.

2.

At your forewarn'd destruction do not wonder:
His Cyclop Priests will make you truckle under:
And Angry *Jove* shall blast you with his Thunder.

3.

Apostate Sin unsheaths the fatal Knife;
Oh *Norf.* then how short's thy wretched Life!
An Alien to the Church, and to thy Wife.

4.

Thou once wast in the Right, in *Charles* his days;
With Pious *James*, the Ancient Faith Imbrace:
Thou'rt the first *Heretick* of all thy race.

5.

Young *Sommerset* has justly lost his Place;
Since he the *Nuncios* cause wou'd not Embrace,
But Valu'd that, much less, then his disgrace.

6.

If soon he do not tack about to *Rome*,
But bid the Pope, with *P*——*g*, kiss his Bum;
For such Contempt, he'l shortly meet his doom.

7.

Grave *Hallif*——, whom once we thought so wise,
Till he our sacred Councils did despise,
Shall, for his Error, be the next that dyes:

8.

If *Shrewsbury*, whom once we had so fast,
With stile of Heretick his name will blast,
As hee's the first, so shall he be the last.

9.

Devon, who did th' Exclusive Bill maintain,
Cut Limb from Limb, shall meet the *Frenchmans* Bane,
Expos'd a mangled Trunk in *Parkers-Lane*.

10.

Brave witty *Dorset* falls a Sacrifice,
For worrying, by *Fleet Shepherds* lewd device,
The *Hind* and *Panther* with a brace of mice.

11.

The faithful Brothers *Clarendon* and *Lory*,
Shall sink to Hell, from height of all their Glory
And ne're obtain the Bliss of Purgatory.

12.

Old *Danby*, *Ormond*, *Rivers*, *Ossory*,
If you persist in your damn'd Heresie,
How can you hope to scape your destiny?

13.

Next, Valiant *Dartmouth* shall a Victim fall,
With *Oxford*, *Scarsdale*, *Ruben*, *Wharton*; all
That will not bow the Knee, and worship *Baal*,

14.

Oh *Lumly*, *Lumly*, what cou'd be thy hope,
To loose thy self by throwing off the Pope?
Embrace the Church again, or else a Rope.

15.

Cholmly, with Love and Affectation blind;
And *Newport*, wedded to his Gavel kind:
Even *Manchester* then thou more grace shall find.

16.

Old *F*——*m*, wee'l thy short Life preserve:
We know, if good Q—— *K*—— from *England* swerve,
Thou't turn to any thing, rather then starve.

17.

Northumberland a while shall scape the doom,
While young St. *Albans* we Kidnap to *Rome*
To come, like *Salisbury*, a Convert home.

18.

For *M*——, *Peterb*——, *Sund*——*d*
With many more, we have at our command,
Pliant, like Haggards brought up to our hand.

19.

These are our Friends, but you who're obstinate
And still persist, expect your suddain Fate:
You're warn'd; take heed; destruction's at the Gate.

A New LITANY in the Year 1684.

FRom Immoderate Fines and defamation
From *Braddons* Pennyleſs Subornation
And from a Bar of Aſſaſſination
Libera Nos, &c.

From a Lawyer that ſcolds like an Oyſter Wench
From an *Engliſh* Body and a Mind that is *French*
And from the new Bonner upon the Bench.
Libera nos, &c.

From the Partial Preaching that is now in Faſhion
From divinity to undo a Nation
From Wooden Shoes and Tranſubſtantiation.
Libera nos, &c.

From the Nonſencial cant of a Loyal Addreſſor
From the Impudent ſhams of Popiſh Profeſſor.
And from Proteſtant Zeal in a Popiſh Succeſſor
Libera nos, &c.

From all thoſe *Eſau's* within their Nonage
That would both our Laws and Liberties Forage
And ſell their Birthright for a Meſs of a Court Pottage.
Libera nos, &c.

From Juries that Murther do Juſtice call
And undoing of Men a Matter but ſmall
And from the Star Chamber in *Weſtminſter-Hall.*
Libera nos, &c.

A Loyal Litany.----88.

FRom all the Women we have whor'd.
From being bound to keep our word
From Civil Broiles and Foreign Sword.
Libera nos Domine.

From ſtore of Ships and want of Men
From leaping into th' Lyons Den;
From a *Dutch* War and *Barnets Pen.*
Libera nos, &c.

From Bombs of *Prance* and Bulls of *Rome*,
From being Henpeck'd worſe at home
And *D——rs* inſatiate Womb.
Libera nos, &c.

From Toleration and ſuch Nonſence,
From granting Liberty of Conſcience;
To Hereticks againſt our own Sence.
Libera, &c.

From hopes we ſhall Diſſenters bring;
To Union with a *Popiſh* King,
And *Pen* that managed that whole thing.
Libera nos, &c.

From ſtanding of our Foe in dread,
From being by the Prieſthood;
From *Engliſh* Limbs to a *Popiſh* Head.
Libera, &c.

From *Oxford* faithful to his Truſt,
From being to our Promiſe juſt;
From *M——s* Pride and his Wifes Luſt.
Libera, &c.

From *Somerſet* and haughty *Lory*,
That would Eclipſe the *Roman* Glory;
And make a jeſt of *Purgatory.*
Libera nos, &c.

From ſuch as will not do their beſt;
To take off Penal Laws and Teſt,
From *Stamford, Grey* and all the reſt.
Libera nos Domine.

From *Parliaments* that dare oppoſe,
And lead their Soveraign by the Noſe;
And from the Sanguinary Laws.
Libera nos, &c.

We humbly do beſeech thee, Lord,
That we may govern by the Sword;
And *Berwick* know no other word.
Quæſumus te Domine.

That it may pleaſe thee while we Raign;
Whatever Neighbour rules the main,
To make us great in our Campaine.
Quæſumus te, &c.

The

it may be enough for these,
others Towns and Cities seize;
orm them in Effigies.

Quæsumus te, &c.

they may Feast and make a Noyse,
with loud Volleys rend the Skies;
nst a Flock of Butter-flies.

Quæsumus te, &c.

it may please thee to repair,
Powis who is in despair;
furnish *England* with an Heir.

Quæsumus te, &c.

it may be a Prince of *Wales*,
the Smock and *Dada* fails;
a Brat of Neddy *Hayles*.

Quæsumus te Domine.

he may prove the Fathers Hope,
the Nation and the *Pope*;
save Father *Peters* from a Rope.

Quæsumus te Domine.

we with Members may be Blest,
such a Parliament possest;
all Annul the Bloody Test.

Quæsumus te, &c.

we have time before we dye;
ttle Church and *Popery*,
poor St. *Patrick* may not fly.

Quæsumus te, &c.

we may never cross the main,
a General in *Spain*;
er see *Breda* again.

Quæsumus te Domine.

The

DISSENTERS

Thanksgiving for the Late DECLARATION.

FOr this Additional Declaration,
This double grace of Dispensation,
For Liberty and Toleration;
Against *Antichristian* Violation.
Whatever Zeal misguised Passion,
Perswades the Sons of Reformation:
'Tis but a sly Insinuation,
To work a *Popish* Inundation,
We of the new Regeneration;
The well affected of the Nation,
That will be useful in our Station,
Do offer up our due Oblation;
And make our humble Supplication,
While Test and Penal's are in Fashion;
We be not brought in Tribulation,
By the next Synod of the Nation.

The

DISPUTE

By the E. *of* R----r. 1673.

BEtwixt Father *Patric* and his Highness of Late,
There hapned a strong and a weighty debate:
Religion was the Theme. 'Tis strange that they two,
Shou'd dispute about that which nether of 'em know.
When I dare boldly say, if the truth were but known,
The weakness of *Patric*, and strength of his own;
He'd have call'd it a madness, and much like a curse,
To have chang'd from a good one, to that which is worse
But the reasons which made most his Highness to yield,
And so willingly quit to S *Patric* the Field,
Were——

First

First, Sir, they cheat you, and leave you ith' Lurch,
Who to tell you there can be any more than one Church
And, next unto that, he aver'd for a certain;
No Footsteps of ours cou'd be found before *Martin*.
At which two reasons, so deep and profound,
His H—— had like to have fall'n in a swoon;
But at length he cry'd out, Father *Parris*, I find
By the sudden Conversion, and change of my mind,
It is not your reason, nor wit can afford
Such strength to your cause, 'Tis the Finger o
For now I remember he some where has
That by Babes and Sucklings his truth is
Thus ended the dispute 'twixt the Priest and
In which, to say truth, and to do 'em both right (
He manag'd the cause, as he did the Sea F

FINIS.

135628